NRA CODE U.S.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1934 No. 3607

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $5.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION. Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1887, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by The Nation, Inc.; Oswald Garrison Villard, Publisher.
Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

SPECULATORS AND SENATORS from the silver-producing States will rejoice in the Administration's latest silver moves. The former are now in a position to dispose of their holdings of the white metal to the government at 50.01 cents an ounce, thus realizing a tidy profit, while the latter can go before their constituents this fall with proof of what a highly organized, determined minority can accomplish irrespective of the public welfare. The rest of us will foot the bill without any clear understanding of why the holders of silver have been singled out for a bounty. Actually, of course, the effect of the whole program has been greatly exaggerated by the press. The seizure of existing silver stocks is in itself of no particular importance, although the issuance of silver certificates at double the purchase price of silver may be expected to exercise a mild inflationary influence. As in the earlier gold-buying program, however, the effect is bound to be slight as long as purchases are confined to domestic sources. Consumer purchasing power, except for the above-mentioned speculators, will be virtually unaffected, while the actual expansion of currency will be small in comparison to the credit contraction of recent years. Yet although a renewal of monetary uncertainty may tend to undermine business confidence, the most fundamental injury wrought by the new measure lies in the encouragement given to vested interests to strengthen their Washington lobbies. Not the least of the paradoxes involved, moreover, has been the announcement that the Chinese government is planning defensive measures against a step which has been heralded by its advocates as a means of restoring the purchasing power of the East.

NEGOTIATIONS for the settlement of outstanding debts and claims between the United States and the Soviet Union, which have been under way at Washington since July 25, are reported to have reached a critical stage. Little progress has apparently been made on the crucial issue of the size of credits which the United States is willing to advance to Moscow in exchange for partial payment of the claims against the Soviet government. If trade relations are to be satisfactorily developed, it is generally agreed that these credits will have to be substantial. But what is good business is not necessarily good politics. The Administration appears to fear that an agreement with the Soviet Union which would be sufficiently liberal to aid American exports would draw fire from the professional red-baiters. Perhaps an even more significant explanation of the Administration's apparent indifference to the resuscitation of Soviet-American trade may be found in the fact that Robert F. Kelley, known for years as notoriously anti-Soviet in his sympathies, has been allowed to retain his strategic position as head of the Eastern European Division of the State Department, and to play an important role in all negotiations with the Soviet Union. Mr. Kelley was in charge of Russian affairs during successive Republican Administrations, and is credited with being an important factor in delaying recognition. He is also a member of the board of the Export-Import Bank, which is responsible for the resolution withholding all credits to Soviet Russia pending a settlement of the debts. It is high time that American business men became aroused over a delay which is costing us at least $10,000,000 a month in trade and is contrary to the fundamental purpose of the New Deal.

WAR CLOUDS have once more appeared over the Far East as a result of the apparent breakdown of negotiations over the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Reports from Moscow indicate that the Japanese have been conducting a veritable reign of terror against the Soviet employees of the railway in an effort to force the acceptance of terms favorable to Tokio. Within the last few weeks it is alleged that scores of Soviet citizens have been arrested by "Manchoukuo" police; Soviet organizations have been raided, and an unprecedented number of railroad accidents and bandit outrages have occurred. Despite these provocations, the Soviet government has definitely rejected all of Japan's offers to date, while Japan has similarly refused even to consider the greatly reduced price suggested by Moscow. As a result of the deadlock, Chuchi Ohashi, Vice Foreign Min-

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ister of Manchoukuo, is reported to have left Tokio for Hsinking. The situation is grave but not hopeless. It is safe to say that neither country desires war at this time, and if the new Japanese Cabinet can curb the excesses of the local military group in Manchuria, no war will occur.

THE PROSPECT of a Canadian New Deal at the hands of the Conservative Party met an untimely end when Harry Stevens, Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Dominion Government, withdrew a pamphlet which he had prepared revealing gross malpractices on the part of some of the most powerful business groups in Canada. Following a protracted investigation by a royal commission of which he was head, Mr. Stevens charged that "unscrupulous financial and business men had exploited Canada's consuming public, starved her producers, sweated her workmen . . . and left the country faced with a choice of reform, dictatorship, or revolution." But the timely intervention of Mr. Bennett, Dominion Prime Minister, has apparently saved the country from any one of these three choices. The Conservative Party is, temporarily, at least, to be held intact, and the Canadian public can only guess at the names of the corporations which Mr. Stevens had in mind. Meanwhile, the new Liberal Government in Ontario, under the leadership of a thirty-eight-year-old dirt farmer—Mitchell Hepburn—is stealing much of the limelight by a spectacular profession of interest in the forgotten man. His Attorney General, Arthur Roebuck, created a minor sensation recently when he informed a group of hunger marchers at Toronto that the only way for them to secure a decent living was to organize and make their demands effective. Mr. Roebuck has also announced that he will introduce legislation to establish industrial codes as a means of eliminating sweatshop conditions, but that price-fixing will be rigidly prohibited. Hepburn's influence is entirely confined to Ontario, however, and at Ottawa there is little to distinguish the two major parties. The new radical party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, is not yet a threat in federal politics, but has run second in two recent provincial elections and might possibly obtain a balance of power in the Dominion Parliament in case the anticipated Liberal landslide fails to develop.

A HEARTSICK SILENCE hovers over the headquarters of the Friends of New Germany. "Recent events" in Germany and Austria have delivered staggering blows to those Nazi blow-hards who sought to emulate Hitler and his lieutenants over here, and to the weak-kneed German American civic leaders who submitted to their rule. In Cincinnati there is open rebellion. A new and large group of citizens of German extraction have organized as the Friends of Truth, to combat Hitlerism in America. In New York City the Anti-Nazi Federation reports a marked increase in membership. Heckling has almost completely disappeared from its street meetings, held in former *Hakenkreuz* territory. Hitler was recently hissed when his picture was flashed on the screen in a Yorkville movie theater. Truth to tell, the more sober-minded members of those German American societies which capitulated to the Nazi secret agents were never entirely content with the antics of Spanknöbel and Gissibl, the Hitler emissaries. The solid citizens, the respectable burghers, viewed with dismay the capture of their choral Vereins, bowling clubs, and civic federations by the Nazi bullies. But what could they do? There were the relatives in Germany to be considered, and the German trade connections. These considerations, which still exist, explain why the revolt against Hitlerism has not been more open. What actually has happened over here has been a "cleansing" similar to the one in Germany—without the blood bath, of course. The storm troopers here, too, have been furloughed, their uniforms stuffed away in closets without benefit of mothballs. The conservatives are in full control.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SUBCOMMITTEE investigating un-American activities moves across the country like one of George White's road shows in an atmosphere of well-conceived and meticulously sustained musical comedy. In San Diego they discovered that the Silver Shirts, armed with Springfield rifles bearing the government mark and with ammunition allegedly purchased from the North Island naval base, had planned to capture the San Diego City Hall, following a May Day demonstration by the Communists. The latter were expected to take the city by storm, after which the Silver Shirts were to stage a counter-revolutionary coup. Neither Putsch materialized, of course, and attempts to involve the German Vice-Consul at Los Angeles seem to have broken down. Trouping up the coast, the committee received the testimony of Captain William F. Hynes, of the Los Angeles police intelligence service. Captain Hynes declared as he emerged from the closed hearings that contributions to the Communist Party are coming from noted Hollywood players and that the names of these players would be disclosed "at the proper time." "Most of those who have given large sums were once poor persons," explained Captain Hynes. "They feel . . . that they should do something to help out the poor man. However, they would probably feel differently about it if their salaries were taken away from them." He added that "the studios have promised to cooperate with us," and that no immediate boycott of red stars was contemplated. Since the stars are quite within their rights in contributing support to a legal party, one hopes that they will tell Captain Hynes and the movie magnates to go to Paphlagonia.

AS A PIECE of masterly prose and ingenious logic we present herewith fragments of an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of the *Daily Californian,* official student organ of the University of California. Introducing the article with Voltaire's exemplary sentiment—"I may disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it"—and announcing this as "the policy of the university in its instruction and research," the editorial rather surprisingly arrives at the conclusion that college radicalism should be stepped on. "How," the *Californian* asks itself, "can we justify ourselves in suppressing radicalism?" It replies:

> The university will defend to the death the rights of its students and faculty . . . freely to discuss and study all subjects, yet it *most firmly opposes* any student action, or the encouragement of any student action, to overthrow our government. And there are methods of prevention. . . .
>
> Just as there are vigilantes in the East Bay community there will be vigilantes in the university community, *designed to blot out student Communists.* Just as action and

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> force are being employed outside the campus to quell reds and radicalism, Social Problems Club members will face action and force when the regular session starts in August.
>
> That action and force will be generated by student vigilantes and will meet with the approval of the university community.

Thus the little Hitlers of California trot obediently in the footsteps of their elders, the officials of State and city and university and employers' associations.

"BOSS BILL" VARE is dead, and there is none, save family and friends, to mourn him. With his passing is concluded the most sordid chapter in Philadelphia's mottled political history, and, since he was the "last of the bosses," with him closes a significant era in the American chronology. Vare's kind of politics—the door-bell-pushing, groceries-at-Christmas, get-your-boy-out-of-jail, vote-for-me-and-I'll-take-care-of-you kind—has largely passed from the scene, crushed by social and economic forces and implications of which it never dreamed. "Practical politics," as Vare himself called it, has given way to political science, as a tenable theory at least, if not yet as a downright actuality. Yet it is interesting to recall that Vare's rise to power was absolutely in the best American tradition. He was the poor farm boy who made good. He hitched his ash-wagon to the waxing star of his native city, and as it grew he grew with it and his single ash-wagon became a fleet, busily engaged in holding a monopoly on all city contracts. He did not want the power and the glory sought by Boies Penrose; the contracts were good enough. He never outgrew the concepts of a ward-heeler; always he wanted to sit in the United States Senate to show a vague "them" that he was "just as good as they." He won his Senate seat but was refused admission. A paralytic stroke followed, and general debility. When he died, "Boss" Vare was no longer that, even in name. But "Vareism" still clouds Philadelphia—its stultifying effects, its gross waste, mismanagement, and extravagance, its political puppet shows, its identification with anti-social, anti-labor interests.

THE LONG-THREATENED aluminum strike has at last been called, to darken still further the country's labor horizon. Stung to action by the unconciliatory attitude of the management, 7,600 workers in the four largest plants of the Mellon-controlled Aluminum Company of America have walked out, demanding union recognition, a closed shop, and a wage scale with no sectional differentials. Despite its apparent hesitancy and unwillingness, the American Federation of Labor is supporting the strike, and labor leaders see in it the showdown that might have been provided by a national steel strike. The Aluminum Company is perhaps the greatest single monopoly in the country, and company officials, pointing to a three-year supply of crude aluminum in their yards, declare that they can last out any labor siege. But the aluminum workers' union, besides having the sympathy and full power of organized labor behind it, is formidable in its own right. A strike last spring in the New Kensington, Pennsylvania, plant won an 11 per cent wage increase and added greatly to the union's prestige and membership. Excellent discipline prevails and the picketing is of a model kind. The stage is thus set for a long-drawn-out battle which may have results that will affect the status of all labor.

AT THE CONCLUSION of the hearing before the National Labor Relations Board last week precious little was left of the charge that John Donovan was inefficient and incompetent. True, Dr. Peck gave testimony to that effect, to the point of stating that Donovan was on a list for dismissal some time before General Johnson fired him. But Dr. Peck was extremely vague regarding details. Donovan, he said, was "irresponsible, but you couldn't put your finger on it." To offset this impressionistic appraisal, the union presented a mass of detailed and specific evidence. It showed, indeed, that Donovan had been so highly efficient (or indiscreet?) in the matter of the pulp and paper code, as to go over Dr. Wolman's head; as a result, the labor provisions of the code are now being revised in accordance with an executive order of the President. The General's attorneys tried hard to exclude all evidence purporting to show that Donovan had been a good and faithful servant. They virtually admitted that the immediate occasion for his discharge was his conduct as president of the union. Not that the General was opposed to union activities as such, but that Donovan's activities impressed him as being annoying, impertinent, and high-handed. The union, naturally enough, sought to show that Donovan's behavior as its president and as leader of its delegations—particularly the Luke delegation of June 18—was proper, correct, and tactful. Unfortunately, General Johnson saw fit to absent himself from the proceedings. It is now up to the National Labor Relations Board to weigh the evidence as given, or to reopen the hearings if Johnson decides to appear in his own behalf.

OUR CANDID CONTEMPORARY, *Printers' Ink*, publishes in its issue of August 2 a double-page advertisement by the even more candid J. Walter Thompson Company, advertising agents. The title of the advertisement, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is encircled by the lash of Simon Legree's whip, and the text describes with extraordinary directness how the J. Walter Thompson Company uses the whip of advertising to stimulate the reflexes of lethargic magazine readers:

> If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not a great literary work, at least it is the shrewdest piece of selling ever written. Here was the ultimate blossoming of the Negative Appeal. The halitosis of slavery was shown in all its dreadfulness . . . unmercifully it flayed the finest emotions of its readers . . . no author since has been willing to be so inartistic—so devastatingly common and understandable. The power of advertising to influence great numbers of people depends on the extent to which the methods of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" can be used. First, the product must be associated with an idea—the idea of freedom, of sex attractiveness, of power, or acquisitiveness. . . . Then, in order to make this idea felt quickly, it must be given an emotional expression.

The J. Walter Thompson Company is one of the largest advertising agencies in the world, if not the largest. The "ideas" used to advertise Lifebuoy soap, Scot Tissue toilet paper, and Woodbury's facial soap are J. Walter Thompson "ideas," and this company can justly claim that they are successful. Admirable fellows, these literary sadists who wield the whip in the J. Walter Thompson advertising office! As Brailsford says of Hitler's use of the word *Brutalität* to express Nazi tactics, they make one feel "bruised all over." Bruised, and a little savage.

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Twenty Million on Relief

SOME five million American families, or about 20,000,000 people, are receiving relief in some form from the federal government, according to official figures recently released. These figures do not include, of course, other thousands who are receiving local relief, although in most communities local funds are merged with federal as a result of the system of matching appropriations, or following the breakdown of local relief both public and private. About 60 per cent of all relief funds at present come from federal sources. Nor do these figures include the 2,000,000 farm families that are expected to augment the relief rolls as a result of the drought.

Next to the aggregate size of the FERA and the other alphabetical relief organizations, their most significant aspect is their acceptance by the public as permanent developments, and by thousands of the unemployed as a way of life, at least for a long time to come. Even among diehards the theory that the only men out of jobs are those who won't work is mouthed with an ever-waning conviction; and the necessity for relief is coming to be more and more a reproach, not upon those who receive it, but upon a system which cannot find a more satisfactory way of using and distributing the resources of the richest country on earth.

Since President Roosevelt repudiated the blind and antiquated relief policies of Mr. Hoover, the government program has grown so fast that its magnitude and ramifications have scarcely been realized by the public. For that reason *The Nation* devotes the present issue to a critical examination, by no means complete, of the forms and efficiency of federal relief. In later issues we shall round out the picture by consideration of such projects as subsistence homesteads—forty-eight are so far projected—and the CCC. These experiments, because they are picturesque, have already received perhaps more attention than their importance warrants.

By far the great bulk of relief is in the form of made work and direct doles to the unemployed. And unfortunately, in almost all its phases the efficiency of relief falls far short of its aims. This is not surprising in view of the stupendous problem with which the agencies of relief are faced. To give each needy family the quite inadequate sum of $30 a month would require the expenditure of $135,000,000 a month. Actually only about $60,000,000 is being spent by the federal government, the States, and local communities combined. To begin with, then, the river of relief is less than half the size it should be. And by the time it has run through the porous canyons of inefficiency and the muddy channels of State and local politics it too often emerges as a faint and unclean trickle inadequate to sustain life. On another page Mr. Feinstein indicates that the administration of relief is neither adequate nor just even in New York City, where a liberal Mayor is in power and the family-relief budget is the most generous in the country. At the other end of the scale are to be found such States as Huey Long's Louisiana, where 15,000 unemployables, consisting not primarily of plain bums but of "unearning mothers and those physically disabled," have been dropped from the relief rolls and thrown back upon private charity, if any, because the State legislature failed to match the available federal funds. In varying forms the same crisis in relief is to be found in almost every State in the union. And relief has come to be the dominating political issue in many States. Time was when a Huey Long or an "Alfalfa Bill" Murray could stage a "revolution" consisting mainly of personalities. Today Huey Long's revolution and Governor Langer's spectacular battle have their roots deep in the misery of the unemployed.

Every indication points to a deepening of the relief crisis, both State and national. We have already noted that where at the very least $135,000,000 a month is needed, $60,000,000 is being spent. But the numbers on relief are increasing and will continue to increase. Industry under the NRA has admittedly reemployed only about 1,000,000 men (its profits have been relatively much higher). Month by month the persons among the 10,000,000 unemployed who are not yet counted among the 5,000,000 on relief get closer to the end of their resources. And there is no doubt that the needs of a family on relief grow as the period of their dependence lengthens. Figures show that the number on relief is greater this year than last. In New York City there were 77,000 more families on relief in June, 1934, than in June, 1933. Yet reports from all over the country show that funds are being cut even as the need increases. At Greenville, South Carolina, a textile center, following the NRA order to cut cotton-goods production and therefore pay rolls, relief payments were also drastically cut. In New York City 10,000 men were recently dropped from the work-relief rolls as part of Commissioner William Hodson's "campaign to keep the cost of relief within the resources available." The relief business, like any other, is capable of being rationalized.

This cursory review of the relief problem is enough to convince the average person that relief is an expensive, blundering, and cruel substitute for the thing most people want—a job at a decent wage. It is the realization of this fact, no doubt, which causes the relief administration in Washington to assure itself and the world that its program somehow will lead back to reemployment. Aubrey Williams, assistant administrator of the FERA, has put it this way: "True relief should be obliged to do more than merely supply the minimum needs of those in want. . . . It should pull them back into the shelter of the economic roof." The trouble is that the old "economic roof," even if it did not leak like a sieve and rest on a rotting frame, was long ago demonstrated to be inadequate to accommodate the majority of Americans. Unless the economic structure is rebuilt on a functional basis, the destitute will increase, the dole will be stripped of its alphabetical finery, and ultimately the problem of relief will become so great that it will come down to a mere matter of keeping millions of Americans alive. This is a prospect that decent people like Mr. Williams and many another in the Roosevelt Administration dislike to face.

And it is true, of course, that such a situation would not last indefinitely. The masses of the people are growing more conscious of their needs and of their strength. The organization of the unemployed and of relief workers, and their solidarity with those still employed, is a straw in the wind.

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Making China "Safe"

WHEN Japan intimates the possibility of abandoning its sword-rattling, lone-wolf policy in China in favor of a joint understanding with the Powers "based on realities," as reported in the New York *Times*, there is reason for grave anxiety. In the light of the recent strengthening of the jingoist elements in the Japanese Cabinet, only two interpretations of this abrupt reversal in attitude are possible: that Japan has won all that it desires for the moment in China and is anxious to consolidate its position, or that it is faced by a threat of sufficient proportions to cause it to reconsider its former policy.

Recent events suggest that both of these considerations are operative. Within the past few weeks the Nanking government has made a series of concessions which give Japan very nearly a free hand in North China. Railway traffic has been resumed between Peiping and Mukden; tacit recognition of the independence of Manchoukuo has been given by the establishment of customs stations along the Great Wall; and arrangements are reported to be under way for lifting the postal ban against the new puppet state. Last but not least, China has announced a schedule of tariff rates which are incredibly biased in favor of Japanese products. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Tokio should suddenly veer toward defense of the status quo.

The dramatic appearance of the Chinese red army at the gates of Foochow is, however, probably the most urgent reason for Japan's newly awakened interest in international cooperation. For despite Chiang Kai-shek's sixth annual campaign for the extermination of the "Communist-bandits," the Chinese soviet armies appear to have taken over a large section of the province of Fukien, which the Japanese consider to be within their sphere of interest by virtue of its proximity to Formosa. On this occasion, as on previous ones when the Communist troops occupied or threatened a port city, the foreign Powers, including the United States, France, Japan, and Great Britain, have unhesitatingly dispatched gunboats to the aid of Nanking. In the past these vessels have made it impossible for the red armies to hold any important city, for the pretense of non-interference in Chinese affairs has never been extended to cover the so-called "Communist horde." Nor have the Powers allowed petty differences over the interpretation of treaties to stand in the way of joint action against the anti-imperialist challenge of the soviet districts. On this issue, at least, one witnesses such diverse and mutually antagonistic elements as the Japanese, the Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the Kuomintang "patriots," and the League of Nations working shoulder to shoulder. Even the Rajchman plan for rural reconstruction, which Japan so bitterly opposed a few months ago, was apparently designed as a foil to the growth of the Communist areas.

That the Western nations should unite against the threat of communism is perhaps not surprising. Success of the Soviet cause would remove the *raison d'être* of thousands of foreigners who are living comfortably in the treaty ports of China. But quite apart from the ethical implications of armed intervention in Chinese affairs, it is evident that to cooperate with Nanking at the moment is to play directly into the hands of Japan.

Who Owns the Air?

IN May of this year the National Committee on Education by Radio held a conference in Washington. The proceedings of the conference have just been published in a substantial pamphlet called "Radio as a Cultural Agency," and anyone who wishes to realize the full absurdity of the attitude into which our government has drifted is hereby recommended to glance at its pages. We cannot, however, promise that he will get much more than the realization referred to or that he will find much hope for the immediate future. The committee, obviously divided upon various fundamental issues, recommended a federal commission and passed general resolutions, but there is no reason to suppose that anything very fundamental is likely to be changed for some time to come.

Professor Jerome Davis of the Yale University Divinity School presented with vivid simplicity the results achieved by the present radio law. When it went into effect there were ninety-four educational institutions engaged in broadcasting; today difficulties put in their way are so great that many, including Columbia University and the Massachusetts State Department of Education, have given up entirely, while many of the others are rendered almost useless by the policy of the government, which always favors the large advertising enterprises at their expense. The listener has little choice. His legislators have seen to it that he will get ballyhoo for Cocomalt and Ex-Lax whether that is what he wants or not.

The problem is really a unique one, because the radio differs from all other means of communication in possessing a definitely limited number of channels. Theoretically at least, competition is free in the field of books, periodicals, the stage, and the movies. But since the possible number of radio programs is limited, the most inveterate defender of laissez faire is compelled to admit that some central authority must assign to certain agencies the exclusive right to specific air channels. Unless some such control were exercised, the ether would become a babel of voices amid which nothing could be distinguished. But it does not follow that the licensing authority should adopt, as apparently it has, the general principle that the best right to any channel is the right of the person who can make the largest profits out of it.

We are by no means certain that the English system is the perfect one. We are not convinced that the majority should not be allowed a very large measure of what it wants —provided only that the minority is not entirely deprived of its rights—and we should hate to see a government monopoly placed in the hands of a bureaucracy of educators. But since the Radio Commission is bound to exercise authority and to confer privileges, it is surely not too much to ask that it recognize the educational institution as having at least an equal claim with the advertising agency to the highway of the air. Professor Davis suggests, reasonably enough, that a tax might at least be imposed upon all time used for purely advertising purposes by the holders of government licenses. But that is not all. The government, we think, might also very reasonably insist that certain hours of certain days be reserved for non-commercial agencies and that ballyhoo should not always and inevitably take precedence over everything else.

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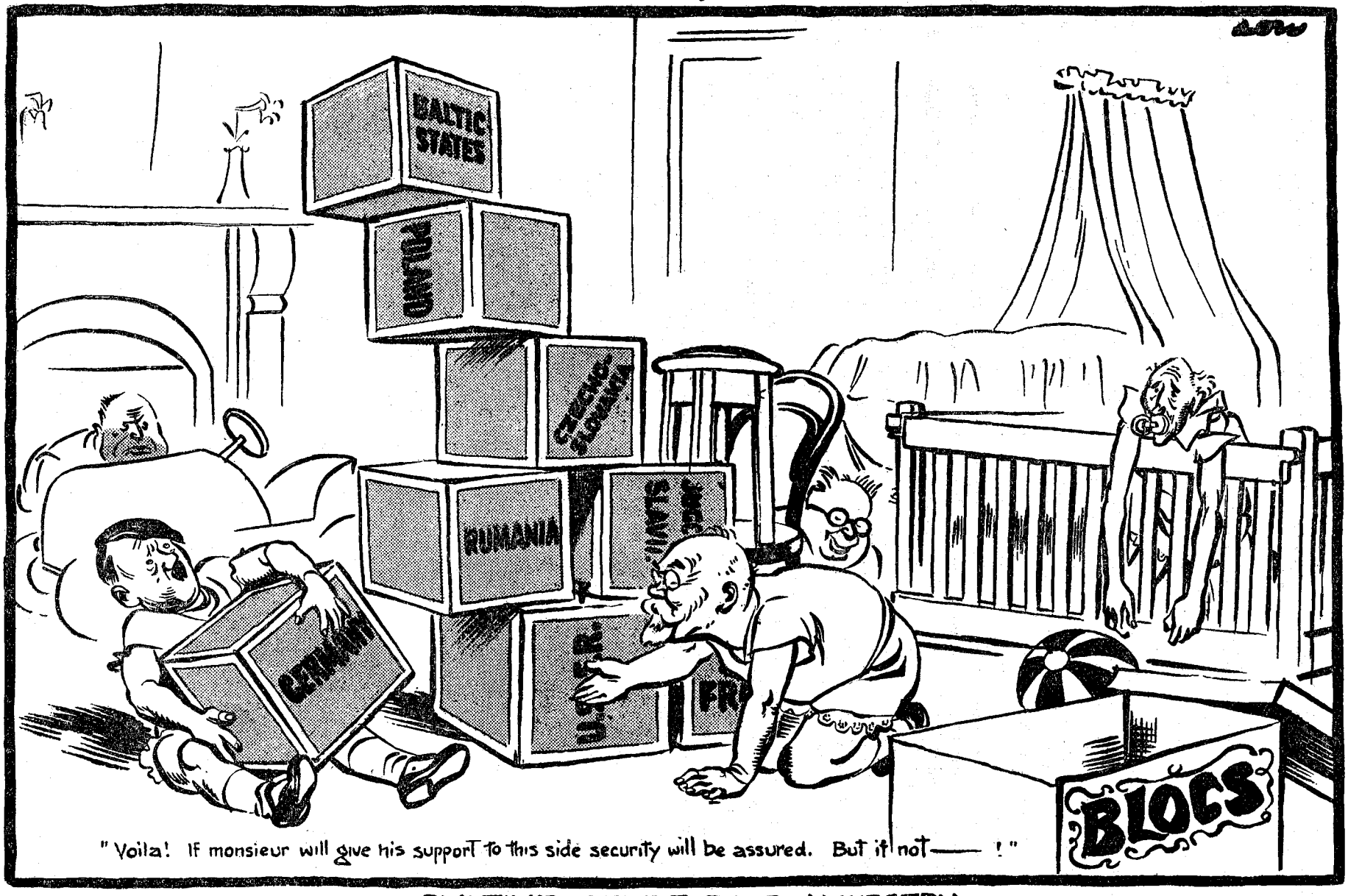
A Cartoon by LOW



PLAYTIME IN THE EUROPEAN NURSERY.

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Issues and Men

The War Anniversary

I HAVE read carefully various articles on the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of this world's nearly successful attempt to commit suicide, and am heartened by the absence of braggadocio and by the frankness with which the loss of the war is now admitted. For example, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Leland Stowe sums up the net results of our attempt to end war by more war and to safeguard democracy by mass murder as follows:

> Twenty years after the outbreak of the war "to make the world safe for democracy" 354,000,000 out of Europe's 550,000,000 people are living under dictatorships in twelve European countries, and democracy is banished from four-fifths of Continental Europe. Twenty years after August 1, 1914, Europe's political and social foundations are beset by the most serious disintegration yet recorded in the peace times of the twentieth century. Today, more than ever, Europe soberly realizes that the peace treaties have brought anything but peace.

Sir Philip Gibbs has this to say—he has done valiant service for the truth since he first announced that "Now It Can Be Told":

> Looking round the world today one sees no assurance of peace. The nations are arming again. Men who remember the last war seem to be preparing for the next. *Nothing was learned, nothing was settled, by that monstrous struggle.* The ruin of it still exists. The economic downfall of civilization is due to that and to nothing else, because of the heritage that was left in men's minds and the destruction of intelligence.

Then we have Senator Borah's frank speech of July 4:

> We went into a foreign war, a war having its roots in wholly foreign policies. We left our dead on foreign soil. Those policies of those countries remain the same. Europe is no nearer peace than before. We have our dead and crippled, our maimed and insane, our wrenched and twisted institutions, while Europe retains her bitterness, her dissension, her old balance of power. . . . The Versailles treaty was a result of the war we helped to fight—one mad round of war and vindictiveness and dictatorship and repudiation seems to be the most pronounced result of our entrance into European affairs.

But vastly more thrilling to me than this was the recent confession of a friend who was a high official in the Wilson Administration. With some trepidation I asked him if his conscience did not trouble him when he lay awake nights because of his vote to put us into the war, he having just said that "all our financial and economic troubles are due to our having gone into the war." Without a moment's hesitation he answered me with two words, "It does." Naturally I recalled to him how some of us had labored with the Administration in 1917 not to make the ghastly mistake of committing us to a European war with which we had really nothing to do, and how we were derided and accused of being pro-German for doing so. Those were tense days in Washington! Those who wanted to put us into the war were like bloodhounds after their prey. They were brutally intolerant and ready to smash anyone who opposed.

I was struck, too, by the absence of paeans to Woodrow Wilson in the articles I read. There are still plenty of his admirers; few now fail to admit the loss of the war and of its objectives but many still look upon him as a great leader whose defeat at Paris is not to be laid at his door but to be attributed to the malevolence of Henry Cabot Lodge and to Orlando, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. How can one fail to indict Wilson's judgment when one reads Mr. Stowe's summary, when one witnesses the complete breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, the virtual collapse of the London Naval Agreement, the increased armaments everywhere? In his admirable little volume just published by Macmillan entitled "Europe Between Wars," Hamilton Fish Armstrong quotes General Tasker H. Bliss—a real statesman in uniform—as replying thus when Newton Baker, of the War Department, at a critical moment in the war asked him his view of its duration: "By the analogy of other great wars, I should say thirty or forty years. There may be a pause—an armed truce—while both sides lick their wounds and collect their forces. . . . But then the war will go on until one side or the other is obliterated as a fighting force, or until civilization ends in a chaotic breakdown." Is not this remarkable prophecy dreadfully ominous today?

The defenders of Wilson will now rise to ask how I or anyone else could possibly have expected him to read in the stars all that was to happen. "He had to judge the things as they were," is the usual phrase. Yes, but his speech of January 22, 1917, conclusively showed that he then read the stars correctly. For he declared that there must be "no victors and no vanquished," because if there were victors, there would be a dictated peace which would not last. That was a much more remarkable prophecy than the vision of General Bliss. What caused him to change his mind is the great mystery of Woodrow Wilson. I have asked a number of his intimates, but they can throw no light on the subject.

But these are backward looks. Today we face the disasters the war produced. We read of General Göring's plan to overrun and conquer all of Europe by means of aerochemistry and airplanes. Ernst Henri declares that "the new vast German aeroplane industry which has arisen in a few months in the middle of Europe . . . can turn out 2,000 machines every four weeks." These will carry 5,000 kilos of new gas which no gas mask can ward off, and also great loads of plague bacilli, cholera vibrions, pneumococci, and influenza germs, "which are being cultivated by special Brown staffs." When one reads things like this, even though they may be exaggerated, the mind stands still. Twenty years after 1914 the world plans its complete destruction!

Oswald Garrison Villard

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After the Dollfuss Murder

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, August 2

I SAW Dollfuss about a week before his murder. He was cheerful and bright and with his usual disarming simplicity asked how all of us, us Americans in town, were feeling, where my wife was spending her vacation, and so on. I felt a little resentment that a man whose policies I had so often attacked could be so personally charming to me. I saw him again shortly after his murder, the blood sucked from his small body, his face distorted with the terrible pain of his death. In the intervening week Europe had tottered nearer war than at any time since 1918, the Nazis had given the world yet another example of intolerable beastliness, and Austria, the heart of it all, had been—saved.

For Dollfuss dead is stronger than Dollfuss alive. Living, the little man was a serious liability to the unity of the country, because both the Social Democrats and the Nazis so hated him personally; his death allays some of the rancor of the Socialists and has united the people in a storm of bitterness and indignation against the Nazis. The Dollfuss-without-Dollfuss Government now in power would get a clear majority vote, I think. The Nazis murdered not only Dollfuss but themselves.

I do not mean by this that the Nazis are not capable of attempting another coup. Austria almost certainly faces a long, trying period of latent disorder. The Nazis are gangsters, which means that they are cold-minded and desperate at the same time, and they are irrational, which means that they are unpredictable. What the murder of Dollfuss on July 25 does show is that (a) Nazi strength in Austria was vastly exaggerated; (b) Hitler, at the decisive moment, crawled like a coward and whipped back his Austrian Legion; (c) Mussolini, enraged at Hitler, will certainly go to war if the Nazis ever attempt another Putsch. The Hitlerite assault on Austria has definitely failed and the Hitlerite dreams of a Nazi Mitteleuropa are blasted into remote fatuity.

If I had written this article yesterday I should have gone on to say that Hitlerism, even in Germany, crumbling under economic stresses, could not long survive the moral disaster of the bloodshed of June 30 and the unsuccessful Austrian revolt of July 25. But today, the twentieth anniversary of the World War, Hindenburg died, and as I write I hear that Hitler has assumed the presidency of the Reich in combination with the chancellorship. This does not make him absolutely impregnable but it enormously strengthens him, as must be obvious to a child. He is now commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr, and if the Reichswehr doesn't mutiny in about the next ten minutes it never will, German officers being what they are. An hour ago Hitler might easily have been booted from the chancellorship. Now nothing can shake him except formal revolution, I believe.

Dollfuss caused his own death. He paid the penalty for the tragic blunder of February when the Socialists were stamped out by his artillery. This maneuver, which he hoped would strengthen him against the Nazis, had the opposite effect. It deeply embittered those who should have been his allies, and so upset the equilibrium of the country as to make him more than ever vulnerable to Nazi attacks. For a variety of reasons his government was hopelessly lax against the Nazis. Time and time again it threatened to hang a Nazi terrorist; it never did. Reasons: (1) Dollfuss feared retaliation; (2) he was sabotaged by his own civil service; (3) he wanted, tragic blindness, to leave the way open for negotiations with Germany; (4) he didn't want to make martyrs of Nazi criminals; (5) he hoped to show his moral superiority to Hitler by a policy of mercy. Then, by extraordinary bad luck, a Socialist was caught red-handed shooting a policeman; the government finally had a chance to make good its threats of the death penalty by hanging a Socialist and at the same time avoiding the danger of Nazi revenge; the boy, Josef Gerl, was hanged on July 24. It is unknown whether this execution actually precipitated the Nazi revolt. Probably not. But within twenty hours Dollfuss himself was dead. He hanged a Socialist and the Nazis killed him.

Certainly one thing is sure—the manner of his death was heroic. When the message reached the Cabinet that some trouble was afoot, Dollfuss instantly, with rare presence of mind, dismissed the meeting and told his ministers, except Fey and Karwinsky, to scatter and establish themselves in their separate offices. This saved Austria. A very few minutes later the insurgents burst into the Chancellery. Had not Dr. Schuschnigg, the new Prime Minister, escaped from the building in time he could not have organized the rump government which beat down the Putschists. Dollfuss's last words, except for his appeal for peace and his whispered request that Fey look after his family, were, "Where is Schuschnigg?" The intimation contained in this query, that he wanted Schuschnigg as his successor, was decisive in Schuschnigg's subsequent appointment. Dollfuss died thinking that the mutiny was genuine and that the Nazi Putsch had succeeded, but he never yielded an inch to the terrorists.

How is it that the rebellion failed? For four hours Austria was without a government; Vienna was terrified and bewildered; the Chancellery was occupied by the rebels; their radio signal had been heard all over the country; their plans were complete; Austria, the supreme gift to Hitler, lay in their hands. Yet they surrendered without firing a shot in Vienna except the two that killed Dollfuss, and the fighting in Styria and Carinthia was quickly quelled. It is an interesting question and there seem to be several answers:

1. The population as a whole did not rise. We had been led by Nazi propaganda to believe that 60 per cent, 70 per cent, 80 per cent of the country was Nazi. I was fooled like everybody else, the Nazis themselves most of all. The Tyrol and Vorarlberg were supposed to be the most thoroughly Nazi of all the provinces; yet in these two provinces there was no fighting whatever. The people heard the radio signal; they went to the coffee-houses and laughed about it; otherwise, except in Styria and Carinthia, they never stirred. Great tribute to the decency, the moderation, the civilized pacifism of Austrians, swamped as they had been for months with the most inflaming Nazi appeals to violence. Apparently the whole of the Nazi terrorist campaign this last year

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has been the work of a few hundred professional agitators and unemployed youths, nothing more.

2. The Nazis had arms only in Styria and Carinthia. In Vienna I saw young men, easily recognizable as Nazis, wandering around the Ring, waiting—for the police and army to give them weapons! Nazis desperately appealed to Socialists to provide them with old Schutzbund arms; the Socialists, be it said to their honor, refused. In Styria and Carinthia the rising, though brief, was severe, because the Nazis had the arms of the Styrian Heimatschutz, which, under the influence of Dr. Rintelen, had turned Nazi the year before.

3. The police and army remained loyal, despite the complicity of isolated police officers in Vienna.

4. The Nazis were either betrayed by their own leaders or blundered terribly. The gang of 144 who took the Bundeskanzleramt went there expecting Rintelen to be already in office as Chancellor. They had no instructions whatever except to murder Dollfuss and await orders. The orders never came, even though Rintelen was not at once arrested. The conspirators waited hour after hour. A tragi-comic and characteristically Viennese touch is that the chief of the rebels, Holzweber, frankly told the prisoner Major Fey that he didn't know what to do, and then, as a desperate effort at solution, opened the telephone switchboard to ring up a coffee-house because a man named Kunze, supposed to be there, might tell him what further action to take. This is a pleasant *reductio ad absurdum* of the "Leader" principle.

5. Hitler, as soon as he saw the plot had failed, washed his hands of it, betraying the Austrian émigrés whom he had morally supported. He further discredited the Putschists still fighting in Styria by his transparent effort to evade responsibility in naming Von Papen as minister to Austria. This obtuse gesture failed, because the Austrian government sensibly delayed giving its consent to Papen's appointment. Hitler, incredible as it may seem, apparently believed that Austria would welcome Papen with open arms while blood was still flowing, even though he had violated all diplomatic procedure by publicly announcing the appointment without informing the Austrian government beforehand.

6. Above all, Mussolini's 100,000 men were at the border, and everyone knew before Dollfuss had been dead a day that they meant business.

The moral responsibility of Hitlerite Germany for the rebellion and the atrocious killing of Dollfuss cannot possibly be denied. There are dozens of illustrative details. The rebels were armed with German weapons. Their Munich leaders, Habicht and Frauenfeld, were ready to fly to Vienna. The German news agency celebrated the rising as "a successful nation-wide revolt" before it had fairly begun. Photographs of Rintelen, printed in Germany, were ready under the caption "Our New Chancellor." An Austrian official, prisoner in the Chancellery, was told by the rebels, "You'll hear all about this tonight on the Munich radio." The two chief culprits shouted "Heil Hitler" on the scaffold. Above all, the rebels, besieged in the Chancellery, telephoned *the German minister,* Dr. Rieth, to come and act as intermediary.

Nazi propaganda is violently active now trying to counterbalance these details. Hitler has deposed Habicht and the whereabouts of Frauenfeld are unknown. The murder of Dollfuss is called an "accident." In every way, since the Putsch failed, the Germans are trying to get out from under. Rieth was fired and the Nazis say that the fact that they have discharged him for complicity proves that he had nothing to do with it at all. Another masterpiece of Nazi logic is that Hitler stayed in Bayreuth during the crisis, unlike other Chancellors who burned the midnight oil at their desks, and therefore was not concerned in it.

The new Austrian government, headed by Dr. Schuschnigg, is half Heimwehr, half Dollfuss. No one could call it a permanently stable combination. Yet so deeply can it count on the support provided by affectionate memory of the murdered Chancellor that it may last a considerable time. Liberals and radicals in this part of the world almost always make the mistake of underestimating their opponents. They made this error with Dollfuss, and they make it now with Schuschnigg and Starhemberg. I have no special liking for Starhemberg, but it is simply silly to dismiss him as an incompetent hothead. He behaved very well through this crisis, and he has poise and brains.

Dr. Schuschnigg is a Tyrolese, stiff, dry, able, cold, and shy. He looks like an upper-class civil servant, and acts like one. He and Starhemberg are, in a sense, rivals, but for a time at least homage to Dollfuss will hold them together. Schuschnigg, an ardent Catholic and an avowed monarchist, is the organizer of the Ostmärkische Sturmscharen, another of those troublesome new Central European names that people will have to learn to remember. This organization of 40,000 well-trained and well-equipped young men was used by Dollfuss as an offset to the Heimwehr, when, before February, the Heimwehr (Starhemberg's fascist organization) threatened to bolt the government. The Sturmscharen were the SS (Black Shirts) of Austria, the Heimwehr the SA. Now they are loosely amalgamated in one organization, with headquarters in the same building, and members of both groups do patrol together, but eventual rivalry and friction between them is by no means impossible.

The Schuschnigg Government, obviously, will stand or fall on the problem of the Socialists. Let no one forget that the Socialists, in the last election Austria has had, were the largest single party in the country with 42 per cent of the electorate. It is equally impossible to ignore them, suppress them, or take them into the government, which makes a dilemma indeed. Schuschnigg has promised, in a press interview he gave only today, to undertake some measures for determining numerically the wishes of the electorate, without holding an election or plebiscite. This seems to mean exactly nothing. The reason the government cannot risk an election is, of course, that an election would give the Nazis enough votes—no one knows how many—to claim participation in the Cabinet. Schuschnigg personally deplored the February massacres, I believe, though God knows he is no radical.

The chief lesson of July 25 is of course that a Nazi Putsch in Austria means war. We have been saying this for a long time here, and I suppose now, watching those 100,000 men of Mussolini's perched on the border, people will believe us. If Italy invades the Tyrol to "protect" Austria from Germany, then Jugoslavia invades Carinthia to "protect" Austria from Italy. This would bring the Czechs in, though no one can quite figure out on which side. The conclusion to be derived from this premise is that, even if toes of your friends get stepped on, it is best in the circumstances to hope that Schuschnigg and his tatterdemalion Cabinet can hang on until the Powers as a whole show some sense, step in, and settle the Austrian problem.

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The Relief Business Is Booming

By JAMES RORTY

Washington, August 7

IF one considers the government apparatus under the New Deal as a business organization, it is apparent that certain branches of the business are in the doldrums and that others are picking up. The code-making business is shutting down this week and the heart has gone out of it, especially out of the Labor Advisory Board and the Consumers' Advisory Board. The bright young men who represent the respective interests of labor and of the consumer are just as bright and just as right as they ever were, but far less hopeful. They still write energetic memoranda for the record. Off the record they tell anecdotes of the "he sez to me and I sez to him" variety; valor in a vacuum, in other words, although they do their best and can comfort themselves with occasional small victories. Meanwhile, in a less rarefied atmosphere, General Johnson accumulates new laurels as strike-breaker, and the triumphant and unregenerate hosts of the publishers and advertisers mobilize their forces and whet their knives lest anything real in the way of consumer legislation come up in the next Congress.

The state of the AAA is not much better. It has suffered not merely from the drought but from a general public revulsion against the official program of scarcity-promotion. When business refuses to move the wheels of industry or employ workers except at a profit, that is just "economics," or at least "good business." But when government plows under the cotton and slaughters the pregnant sows it is hard to make people think it is good government. The distinction is a bit tenuous, like that of the Catholic church between "natural" (safe period) birth control and the use of contraceptives, but it seems to have political importance at least.

So business is not so good in the Agriculture and Commerce buildings. One has to travel across the city to the ancient office building that houses the FERA in order to recapture the feeling of bustling conquest that characterized the earlier phase of the New Deal. The relief business is booming. Indeed, it might well be alleged that the NRA, by facilitating monopolistic trade-association controls and by raising prices more than it has raised wages or stimulated employment, has helped to make business for the FERA, whose customers, 20,000,000 strong, stand in line across the continent.

The directors of the FERA and of the FSRC (Federal Surplus Relief Corporation) see the job in the simplest possible terms and attack it with gusto. With an estimated relief load of at least 4,500,000 families who are receiving an average monthly dole of $12, the FERA sees an endless vista of consumers for the surpluses. And by an Act of God—the drought—some 2,100,000 head of cattle have been tossed into the government's lap, so to speak. Twelve dollars a month is about one-tenth of the minimum subsistence income for a family, as computed by various government bureaus. It follows, as night the day, that these people must be hungry. Secure in this conviction, which not even the most rabid tory politician is likely to challenge, the FERA is all for grabbing everything it can lay its hands on in the way of surplus commodities and passing them out as supplementary relief to these 20,000,000 customers.

So far, so good. But the logic of the FSRC business cuts sharply across the logic of private business, which runs to the effect that an empty stomach is no customer unless the owner of the stomach can pay for what he eats, and pay enough to include profits all down the line from producer to retail dispenser. These millions of customers can't pay. They are what the sage Professor Walter Pitkin calls "extra-economic" men, women, and children. However, their hunger and their raggedness do establish pressures. These extra-economic masses are not yet disenfranchised, despite the eloquent pleas of eminent tories like Attorney General Wickersham.

Hence the FSRC and the FERA operate in an atmosphere of continuous protest and conflict. Practically everything they do or try to do is violently denounced by the vested interests of private business, which see these government agencies moving steadily, and in response to overwhelming pressures, toward the taking over of whole sectors of the process of production and distribution which have hitherto been the province of profit-motivated business-as-usual. The encroachment has thus far, of course, been fragmentary and relatively insignificant. But it has been sufficient to expose again and again the breakdown of the capitalist economy in this period of potential abundance.

Take the matter of the drought cattle. Without government intervention hundreds of thousands of cattle would have died and rotted in the stricken pastures of the drought belt. The packers, it is true, would have bought some of them for a song and the price of meat would have dropped, but not enough to permit $12-a-month relief families to eat much meat. And the ruin of the farmers would have been complete. Up to July 30 the AAA and the FERA through the FSRC had purchased from 129,000 farmers a total of 1,872,000 cattle. On these farms there was a total of 6,208,000 cattle; the government has bought about 19 out of each 62 head, the poorest of the 62. About 260,000 head have been condemned and slaughtered on the farms. The remainder have been turned over to the FSRC for ultimate processing into meat products for relief distribution. Several hundred thousand head of cattle will be held on pasturage in the Southeastern States until slaughtering and processing facilities are available.

The government prices for drought cattle, averaging 500 pounds on the hoof (a good beef steer weighs about 1,500 pounds) range from $1 to $14. This of course means a loss to the farmer, but the farmers get relief; by and large the government takes the loss. It is now generally conceded that before the purchase program comes to an end some time next year, the government will have purchased between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 head of cattle.

So much for cattle. But what about sheep and goats? There is little demand for sheep meat and goat meat. Some foreigners eat sheep meat and Indians eat goats. It has been proposed to kill these suffering, unwanted animals, dig big

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pits with steam shovels, and bury them. But the current revulsion against waste will work against this. Maybe the Indians will eat some of this meat. By the time the Act of God has accomplished the ultimate of its dubious beneficence, the unemployed are going to get a lot of meat. They will be conditioned to meat-eating. They will not willingly go back to beans and flour.

The dislocation of prices and markets consequent upon this slaughtering program has already made itself felt. In many of the government contracts the slaughterer gets the hides, bones, and offal, and some of the edible portions. The result has been that the bottom has dropped out of the hide market; there is also the threat of a glut in the liver and kidney market.

One more contradiction: government has had to go into the meat-canning business in competition with the packers. In July the tempo of cattle processing had reached 140,000 cattle a week. Commercial packers processed 110,000 of these; the remaining 30,000 were processed by relief labor in rented or built plants established by State Emergency Relief administrations in thirty States. The relative costs of government versus commercial processing are indicated by the experience last winter in Texas, where in one month 9,439 persons were employed in processing surplus cattle. It cost the FERA 12.87 cents a pound to process cattle, not counting the relief labor. The packers, who charged 17 cents a pound, did have to count their labor costs, but on the other hand they paid the farmers about half as much for the cattle as did the FERA. In extending its program of establishing relief-labor processing plants, the FERA points not only to lower costs but to the improved morale of workers who are employed not in "raking leaves around the stump" but in producing the food they will later eat.

It is the habit of meat-eating animals—and the unemployed seem fated to enter that category temporarily—to gorge themselves and then to sleep. Where? On what? Relief agencies testify that next to food the families on relief ask for mattresses. At present, especially in the South and Southwest, they sleep on old quilts, on boards, on the floor. So, with the commercial naivete which characterizes these innocent bureaucrats, the FERA has taken over 250,000 bales of surplus cotton and gone into mattress making. Workers on relief are now engaged in making these mattresses in 559 workrooms set up in 40 States. When they are made, relief families will sleep on them—they will be distributed as supplementary relief along with the surplus meat.

As might be expected, the commercial mattress makers are up in arms. So, in general, are all the commercial interests affected by the various production projects which State Emergency Relief administrations have undertaken under the stimulus of the FERA. These include the canning of surplus garden products, the manufacture of furniture by unemployed furniture makers, and the encouragement of local self-help cooperatives which make everything from shoes to soap.

These developments are embryonic, as yet affecting only a negligible fraction of total production and distribution. They are perhaps abortive, depending upon the degree, extent, and pace of business recovery. But they have gone far enough to challenge the failure of private business to operate the machinery of production, to employ workers, and to feed, clothe, and house the population.

Huey Long's "Revolution"

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

New Orleans, August 13

THE "revolution" Huey Long seems always to be talking about is in the making in his own city—but not from the expected direction. And it is perhaps only poetic justice that it should have its origin in the eternal squabbling which the loquacious Kingfish carries on with anyone who is seeking argument.

The people of New Orleans are famous for their love of pleasure. They have enjoyed the antics of the Senator from Louisiana, and they have egged on the clowning. The Kingfish's latest escapade, his own private little "war," has provided as much fun as any of his previous ones, and there are very few other topics of conversation in the streets and public squares of the city. The situation is a particularly ludicrous one. National guardsmen have created a state of martial law on the first and third floors of the Soule building, which houses the city registration offices. The second and fourth floors are still under civil rule, and presumably functioning normally. Youthful khaki-clad soldiers, armed with tear gas, machine-guns, and shotguns, man every window on the two floors under their protection, "guarding" the registration offices. Across the street, in the City Hall proper, are several hundred uniformed and special police, similarly armed.

It is a good-natured war, with chaffing on both sides and an amused citizenry making piquant Southern remarks from the sidewalk. But there can be no mistaking the certainty that, if given the order, both sides would go into action prepared to do or die for either Huey Long or Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley. One observer in Lafayette Square remarked that "this thing's been going on for a long time and nobody's shot yet." But if shooting begins—and it may have begun by the time this is read—the odds against anyone being shot would not be long. Despite all the levity with which the New Orleans war is being greeted by the populace, there is an undertone of seriousness which has hitherto been absent in similar situations. Many factors are responsible for a change which has come over the "cheap and contented labor" of the South.

On the day that Mayor Walmsley lent a new note of buffoonery to the comic-opera war by calling out several hundred armed policemen to "protect" city property—the same Soule building that was being held by the troops—and incidentally to "guard" the guardsmen who were "guarding" the voting records, a mass-meeting was held across the street from the besieged area. It was called by a united front of liberal, radical, labor, and allied organizations, and it provides the key to the real conflict, which has been lost sight

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of in the thousands and thousands of words pouring out of the city about its small-time, cracker-box political differences. The line-up is not of Huey Long against Walmsley, or of State against city, or of troops against civil authorities; it is of all these interests and a few other important ones, like the shipping interests and the Association of Commerce, against a united front of workers—white and black, white-collar and blue-overall—who have been too long exploited. The fact that Huey Long is in danger of losing his supremacy—the opera bouffe here originated in his attempt to reelect two henchmen to Congress and his consequent seizure of the registration records to insure this—is of small moment compared with the fact that working-class elements have found common cause and may win for themselves, through what they call "revolution" down here, rights and privileges hitherto denied.

One of the first things a traveler in the South notices is the cheapness of food and clothing. To a Northern pocketbook this is very comforting, but Southern wages are scaled down in the same proportion, and, as has been seen in the making of the NRA codes, a wage differential has been established. But that is not the only thing the NRA has done for Southern labor. It has also forced an additional wage cut, as mill and factory owners, faced with minimum-wage provisions, have changed hourly wages to piece-work wages and inaugurated the speed-up system, a strange anomaly in the once lazy South.

This accounts for such wage scales as those in effect at the Lane cotton mills on the outskirts of New Orleans. These are the largest mills in the State and among the largest in the country. They employ 1,500 persons where once they employed 4,000. Before the NRA the wage rate for apprentices was 6 cents an hour and the work week was fifty-six hours. From this weekly pay of $3.36, $2 was deducted as rent for the company houses in which the mill's employees are forced to live. After the NRA a new wage scale of from 20 to 30 cents an hour was inaugurated, but the work week was cut to eighteen hours, and the weekly rent was raised to $3. Furthermore, after the apprenticeship has been served, instead of automatically receiving higher pay the workers are frequently discharged, to make way for new apprentices.

The conditions of virtual peonage existing in this and other mills brought about a strike two years ago, led by an American Federation of Labor union. It was unsuccessful, and after the defeat the union withdrew from the field and gave up its organizing attempts—"because we couldn't pay the dues," one of the workers remarked. This left the way clear for the Communists, who have entered this and several other mills and succeeded in reintroducing a semblance of united protest, which may soon have resounding repercussions.

Another situation which holds dynamite in it for Long, and Walmsley, and the Association of Commerce, and the backers of all three, the shipping men, is the three-months-old longshoremen's strike. This seems as far from settlement as ever, and the 3,000 strikers have about exhausted their patience. Their temper is such that despite the restraining influence of the conservative International Longshoremen's Association they may resort to drastic means to close the port, as was done in San Francisco, Seattle, and Portland. The entire Gulf of Mexico is concerned in this strike, and while it has not affected shipping appreciably owing to the weakness of the marine unions and the plentiful supply of strike-breaking labor, it is important because it may result in appreciable gains for the workers—and in bloody fighting such as took place on the Pacific Coast.

The strike was called by the I. L. A. in May and is still in progress, with daily rioting on the waterfront, picketing, and other strike activities, which, seemingly, the newspapers have no space to report. According to Charles Stein, vice-president of the I. L. A. local, company unionism lies at the bottom of the present strife. When the NRA gave the union its ostensible backing in organizing efforts, the shipping men of the city got together and formed something called the Independent Longshoremen's Association, membership in which they made a requirement of employment. The union walked out and was joined by the Communist-led Marine Workers' Industrial Union, which also has a fairly large membership. A few weeks later, with no progress made along the strike front and with picketing activities considerably lessened by order of Huey Long's courts, the Communists withdrew from the "united front," charging the familiar "sell-out." There was an element of truth in the charge, for the I. L. A. local blacklisted the most militant of the strikers.

For several weeks now the controversy has been in the hands of the National Labor Relations Board. What its course of action will be is doubtful, although useful precedents of dilly-dallying and half-hearted compromise, with no actual bona fide settlement, have been set in other cases. At any rate, the striking longshoremen in this and other Gulf towns, like Gulfport, Shreveport, Mobile, and Houston, are frankly impatient, and will not be kept in check long.

Another disturbing element in Huey Long's political charivari has more of a federal tinge to it. Among the curious thousands who filled Lafayette Square and the pavement outside City Hall during the past week were several small politicians from Orleans and adjacent parishes. They revealed that for almost a year Louisiana, and New Orleans in particular, has had no federal patronage to speak of, and they attribute this oversight to the Kingfish's declamatory propensities. It is a fact that while new post offices have blossomed all over Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, this reporter has seen none in Louisiana.

But more important than any of these issues, and loaded with more dynamite, is the relief situation here, with all that that term implies. Real poverty has always existed in the South, but in these days it is starker and more terrible than ever. There is little need for labor when corn and cotton growers are being paid by the AAA to cut their crops. Factories and mills are running on very limited schedules. And worst of all, relief facilities are at their very nadir. Relief allotments of from $4 to $6 a month are the average in the Southern States. In Louisiana the sum is nearer the lower of these two figures, and since August 1, 15,000 persons in the State have been staring starvation in the face. On that day relief orders were halted for these 15,000 by the local head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, Harry J. Early, with the explanation that they were not merely unemployed but those untouchables, the "unemployable."

Where that term originated, and who issued the order cutting off the blind, the ill, and the aged from the relief lists when they are the persons who need help most, is a mystery which Early has not helped to clear up. He shrugs his shoulders and says, "The orders come from Washington." The Louisiana Legislature adjourned recently after passing a bill providing $10,000 for relief to these stepchildren of the

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FERA. The bill was never signed by Governor O. K. Allen, Huey Long's alter ego, and it is presumed that if Long had wanted the measure approved, he would have ordered it approved.

This, taken in conjunction with the Kingfish's verbal sallies in favor of the "forgotten man" and his espousal of higher income taxes for the rich, was the last straw for New Orleans workers and jobless. A united front was formed, including the locals of the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, the Unemployed Councils, the Unemployed League, and the League for Industrial Democracy (this student organization is extremely active at Tulane University). A mass-meeting was called for Lafayette Square, the center of the "war" area, and Mayor Walmsley issued a permit, the first of its kind. He was persuaded, it is generally believed, by hints that the speakers would turn their verbal guns upon the Kingfish, and also, it later developed, by the possibility of getting pictures of his police "guarding" Long's national guardsmen. He got some excellent pictures, and they were duly printed in all the newspapers, which by a coincidence happen to be anti-Kingfish.

The united front has already suggested that the funds used by both city and State to equip their blue-clad and khaki-clad defenders with various instruments of warfare could reasonably be diverted to relief purposes. The suggestion has also been made that the Senator from Louisiana has here a good test case for his taxing of the rich. Let the "war" funds come by taxation from those having incomes of over $5,000, say the protesters, and see how quickly an armistice is called. To give point to the tasks laid out for itself by the united front, on the same day that President Roosevelt from Glacier National Park again reassured the nation that "nobody is starving"—gave one of his "Uncle Wiggly bedtime stories," as one radical leader put it—a woman died in Charity Hospital, and the cause of death was officially noted as starvation. Many cases of malnutrition have also come to the attention of health authorities, and they make no bones about the seriousness of a situation in which 15,000 persons have been cut off utterly from any hope of food, clothing, or shelter except from organized private charities, of which there are very few in the South, or by soliciting alms, which is a field already sadly overcrowded.

Meanwhile, the Association of Commerce and the department stores, one of which owns a radio station, are doing their best to convince the world that peace and quiet reign here in New Orleans, and that business—and pleasure—are going on as usual. Daily broadcasts from the "war area" point out that "everything is quiet."

New Orleans is perhaps the largest city in the United States which has failed to provide a single penny for relief. The federal order against "unemployables" threw the onus of their care upon the parishes, and thus upon the State. Thus far nothing has been forthcoming, and from all indications nothing ever will. But if there is no money for relief, there is still plenty to advertise that New Orleans is one of the Edens of the world. The Association of Commerce recently inveigled $10,000 from the city council with which to tell manufacturers in other parts of the country that this is the "home of cheap and docile labor." It may have been so in the past. At present labor is still cheap, but it is no longer docile.

Was Europe a Success?

II. The Question Considered

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE more naive optimists would no doubt begin by insisting that the vices of "Europe" were merely excrescences permitted to tarnish its resplendent virtues, and that what we ought to get rid of can be easily separated from what we ought, by all means, to keep. It does not, however, require any very prolonged consideration to demonstrate that the relationship between the two is not quite so simple and that, in certain specific cases at least, the one actually depends upon the other.

We hate, for example, imperialism, military pride, and the national spirit. They are things which probably must be got rid of if Europe is to continue at all, and which certainly stand in the way of its achieving a success more complete than that which it achieved in the past. But these, so a thoroughgoing conservative might insist, are essential parts of civilization as Europe has known it for a good 3,000 years, and they are essential, not merely because they have existed, but because they furnished the soil out of which its spiritual life grew. Without them it is impossible to imagine the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, or the right little, tight little island which is still called England. They were responsible for the material conditions under which civilization developed, but that is not all. They were also very important facts in generating its intellectual and emotional atmosphere. Shakespeare would not have been Shakespeare if he had not believed "this happy breed of men" to be peculiarly the favorite of nature and hence privileged in a very special way in its relations with lesser peoples. Racine would not have been Racine if he had not accepted as God-ordained the absolutism of Louis XIV. Military aggression and class privilege—conceived of as honor and divine right—were, to put the case more concretely, part of both the material and the spiritual basis upon which the entity called Europe rested.

In other words, this thing called civilization grew up under certain conditions and flourished as a result of them. It was associated with the very tendencies which progressives as well as radicals deplore, and is now, so the conservative might insist, threatened quite as definitely by "liberals" and "reformers" as it is by radicals—the only difference between the two being that the one is slowly undermining the foundations without knowing what he is about while the other is deliberately blowing them up. The threat did not originate with the founder of the communist doctrine. It

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originated with the first reformer who undertook to criticize the proud confidence of that European spirit which was born in Athens, rationalized in Rome, and taken over by the Catholic church; with the first upstart who dared question in the interests of inferior civilizations or the interests of the inferior part of the European population those traditions which had justified themselves by the production of an art, a philosophy, and a science not to be compared with any other.

Moreover—so this ultra-conservative would continue—these essentially un-European criticisms could take effect only because Europe's geographical boundaries were expanded more rapidly than the Europeanization of newly admitted peoples could proceed. Formerly this had not been so. What was once only Athens became Greece, then the Mediterranean basin, then all the western part of the Continent. But as successive additions were made to the spiritual entity called Europe, the inhabitants of each were genuinely Europeanized, while those areas not so disciplined were successfully excluded from the spiritual community. All parts of the latter, paying allegiance to certain artists and certain thinkers, developed the same sensibilities and accepted the same standards of value—a fact at least as important as the further fact that the political institutions of each owed something to that Roman law out of which each had grown. Hence, though the nations might differ among themselves, they could never differ so utterly as they differed with non-European races, because they had thought about the same things and pursued the same aims too long not, at bottom, to understand one another in some workable fashion.

Unfortunately, however, America and Russia—the last two nations to be admitted to the European community—were never really assimilated, though it was, for a time, wrongly supposed that they were about to be. The latter, which had turned its eyes toward Paris for a good two centuries, was supposed to be slowly losing its Oriental character. The former, which could look only to Europe if it looked anywhere at all, was supposed to be merely in the process of taming the wilderness on a thoroughly European plan. But these orderly processes were somehow interrupted, and Europe found itself suddenly threatened by what it had regarded as docile if backward pupils. America discovered the machine and Russia discovered communism—a method and an attitude both of which Europe felt to be foreign to the European pattern and capable of disrupting it far more completely than it would have been disrupted if Mohammedism had gained a foothold during the Middle Ages and the "East" had played a role in shaping the civilization of England and France.

Superficial thinkers—our ultra-conservative is still speaking—may see Americanism and communism as opposed one to the other, but fundamentally they differ only in that one is more consciously thoroughgoing than the other. Both are fundamentally enemies of Europe because both are attacking the foundations upon which the European achievement rests. America is innocent, hopeful, and naive. It believes in amelioration and in "progress," but all its humanitarian and reformist ideas rest ultimately upon a dissatisfaction with what Europe regards as a sufficient success. It hopes to save what it calls—without very well understanding it—the European achievement; but it is not willing to pay the price which Europe paid and it is too tender-minded to admit that no lesser one will buy what Europe bought.

Some such conviction as this is implicit in the attitude of at least the more intelligent representatives of the royalist, neo-Catholic, and fascist groups. It might be deduced from the writings of T. S. Eliot or Maurras, just as it could, of course, be discovered in violent, unrationalized form in the utterances of Mussolini or Hitler. Nor is it wise merely to reject the contention without some analysis. Quite obviously certain specific aspects of the cultural life of Europe did depend upon beliefs and traditions which none except the most ultra-conservative would wish to see preserved. Many, at least, of the most exalted movements now preserved in literature and art would hardly have been possible had it not been for the presence of an arrogant sense of national or class superiority, and there can be no question of the fact that even ordinary, nineteenth-century enlightenment and humanitarianism destroy the very foundations of much that seemed, to an earlier time, part of the heroic tradition of Europe.

Certainly, in other words, one cannot buy exactly what Europe bought at any price except the one it paid. You could not, for example, have Dante without his bigotry, just as you could not—then, at least—have had Plato without the slaves who supported his society. An ameliorized Europe, a Europe of which it could not be said that its failures were as ghastly as its triumphs were impressive, would be a Europe much changed, one from which, in all probability, certain great exaltations based upon pride and a sense of self-righteousness had departed forever. But the question is not, after all, whether Europe can or ought to be changed. The question is rather a question of what is absolutely essential and what is not. To what extent could it be changed without being destroyed? What must be left to the European man in order that he may still remain recognizably himself? What characteristics of his psychology and what aspects of his sensibility are so absolutely essential that his champions would be justified in saying to any revolutionist or reformer: "These you must leave him because, once they were taken away, he would no longer be recognizable as the European man"?

The striking fact is that certain of these characteristics, each one of which appears to be a *sine qua non,* stand high in the list of those which the most radical of radicals have promised to "liquidate" and which, indeed—though perhaps somewhat prematurely—they declare to be already disappearing from the Russian character. One of them is a sense of the reality, the worth, and the sacredness of the individual, who is thought of as having in himself a value for which there is no equivalent, not merely because he seems unique to himself but because—since every man differs somewhat from every other—he contributes something unique and possibly of value to society itself. Another one is a similar sense of the importance of something which has been variously defined but always called "freedom" for this same individual.

Still others might be added. There is, for instance, the tendency to regard differentiation and variety as desirable in themselves, and a consequent tendency to stress the importance of something called "personality." There is also a disposition—very different from the collectivist stress upon the importance of the common denominator—to assume that all excellences are arranged in a hierarchy, the uppermost levels of which are not only inaccessible to most but barely if at all even visible to the best and the most excellent of

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men. The European man, in other words, has always thought of progress and achievement as a movement away from the usual, the average, the norm, the universally accessible; the new man, as described by his champion, makes, on the other hand, an opposite assumption. The highest excellence is that which is most generally accessible; progress consists in a movement toward the center, in an increasingly successful regularization and standardization of thoughts, opinions, tastes, desires, and aims about a norm supplied by the common denominator of humanity in the mass.

It must of course be admitted freely and quickly that European man neither consistently pursued the ends which these characteristics imply nor achieved them by any means completely when they were pursued. At times they were obscured by opposite tendencies, and certain of them—notably those which relate to individual freedom and the high valuation put upon what is called personality—hardly manifested themselves very strongly before the Renaissance. At other—perhaps at all—times his tendency was to assume that they applied only to the consideration of a small class which could exist only if supported upon the backs of a mass, the members of which were left to achieve for themselves whatever small degree of freedom, personality—and comfort—they could.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that each of the conceptions enumerated played a large part in the thoughts and aspirations of cultivated humanity. The fact also remains that—with what success may be disputed—the tendency was to profess a desire to see the privileges of freedom and individuality extended to a larger and larger portion of the community. In other words, democracy pretended, at least, to aim at a society which should be more equitable than any previous one by virtue of the fact that these goods upon which is set such high value would be shared by the majority. Collectivism, on the other hand, proposes that—for the present at least—the equalization shall be achieved by denying them to all alike.

Collectivism, indeed—perhaps merely to strengthen its position in debate—tends to maintain that these goods are, as a matter of fact, purely illusory—that freedom and individuality never existed for anyone, that they are merely superstitions which happen to be convenient because privilege can be defended under the pretense that not privilege itself but a sacred mystery is being attacked. The question, then, is not simply whether democracy has really succeeded in achieving a wider and wider distribution of certain goods; neither is it simply the question whether or not these goods are so precious that they must be preserved for a class if they cannot be given to all. It is, before everything else, whether or not these goods ever were real, whether freedom and the unique individual ever existed at all.

[*This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Krutch. The third, Some Doubts Arrived At, will appear next week.*]

NEXT WEEK

Class War in California

BY LEW LEVENSON

An Authentic Casualty List of the Victims of the Red-Hunt.

In the Driftway

THE present drought has turned upon that phenomenal creature, the dry farmer, more government attention than he has had since the Homestead Act was passed in 1862, although he has suffered from drought at least six years out of every seven ever since that time. At one period in his life the Drifter learned to know the dry farmer rather well in one of his most typical habitats, a valley in southern Idaho. Two streams run through this valley, which is wide and flat, and gray with sagebrush, but they were long ago preempted by a few early settlers whose descendants have ever since jealously guarded the rights to a supply of water which in any case was sufficient only for a limited number of animal and human stock. Around the rim of the valley as it rises toward encircling hills lie the desolate windswept acres known as dry farms. There is an old quip about the Homestead Act that by its provisions the government bets the unwary settler from 160 to 640 acres of land that he can't live on it for three years without starving to death. To make the test a real one the government deprives the victim of what little cash he has by requiring that the acres be fenced and that the pioneer live on the land for a certain period each year—which means that he must build a house. He must plant a crop each year of course. (Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, he is not required to reap a harvest.) He surrounds his vast estate with two strands of barbed wire strung between cedar posts, builds a tarpaper-covered shack, lays in a supply of canned goods (he is fifteen miles from a store), plants his wheat and his garden. He has, if he is lucky, a cow, a couple of horses, a plow, and a wagon. He has also two barrels in which he hauls water from some distant source. Digging wells in this region has been found to be an expensive if not a futile gesture.

* * * * *

SPRING in the valley, especially among the foothills, is full of hope. Water rushes down the gullies. In a moist blue sky rain clouds often gather and the sun is tempered by a cool breeze. The new-plowed land is black with moisture, and yellow crocuses bloom. Soon afterward the sharp green blades of wheat push up and grass grows among the sagebrush. In June the delicate colors begin to fade as the moisture runs out of them. The sun grows hotter, whitening the sky and the alkali in which the sagebrush grows. The wind is hot and dry and covers the sharp green wheat with dust. Toward the end of June the prickly pear, a variety of cactus, puts forth its blossoms of heavy yellow and red, and the desert comes into its own. If rain does fall after that it is likely to come in cloudbursts that do as much harm as good. The dry farmer *may* get a crop. In any event he takes up his plow again in due season, sure that *this* will be the wet year he dreams about, a year which does come, to be sure, just often enough to keep him from giving over to the wind and dust all of his savings. Meanwhile, the only fertility that dry farmers can count upon fills the tarpaper shack to overflowing with children, who swarm out like bees from a hive when any vehicle straggles past along the dirt road.

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THE Drifter does not know whether his Idaho dry farmers are even officially counted among the drought sufferers to whom government relief is being given. He hopes they are. The rumor has been denied that farmers are to be moved from submarginal land. Before it was denied, however, the submarginal farmers themselves had entered violent protests. The reports did not say which farmers protested but the Drifter suspects that the dry farmer, if he were scientifically analyzed, might show a marked differentiation from other human animals as a result of having had to adapt himself over a long period of years to living without water. It is just possible that the dry farmer, like the prickly pear, would not survive in the Land of Promise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Women Who Work"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Sylvia Kopald Selekman in her review of "Women Who Work," by Grace Hutchins, in your issue of July 18, raises questions of fact which must be answered.

1. On the suspension of the night-work law in Massachusetts cotton mills, of course the very word "suspend" means to "cause to cease *for a time* from operation or effect." It is mere quibbling to criticize the omission of the period of suspension.

2. Mrs. Selekman writes that not only Governor Ely and textile mill-owners, but also the State Federation of Labor and "our socially responsible Commissioner of Labor and Industries" urged suspension. The New York *Times* of July 16, 1933, stated: "Edwin S. Smith, Commissioner of Labor and Industries in Massachusetts, expressed regret that the six o'clock law might be suspended but agreed that such action must be taken if Massachusetts mills were to compete with mills in other sections." He was not, then, as Mrs. Selekman implies, urging suspension of the law for the benefit of the workers. Nor were the "labor leaders" or Mr. Henry Kendall acting in the interests of the workers by urging suspension of the law.

I might add that Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School vigorously attacked the proposed suspension of the law in January, 1933. (Federated Press, January 10, 1933.)

3. The source cited by Grace Hutchins on low wages in Massachusetts in 1933 was the American Federation of Labor's *Weekly News Service* for April 1, 1933, quoting Commissioner Smith's official statement. This referred not merely to a few mills in Fall River and New Bedford in 1932, as Mrs. Selekman claims, but also to factories in Lawrence and other cities *in the spring of 1933*. I can here quote only one sentence: "He told of factories where employers paid all of their employees less than $10 a week."

Mrs. Selekman in her review would seem to defend the suspension of an important piece of social legislation that had been won only by the efforts of organized workers through years of struggle.

New York, August 1 HY KRAVIF

Colorado Relief Standards

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In a recent issue of *The Nation* I noticed both an editorial and a letter on the standard of relief in Colorado. Since I served for a number of months as the Western field representative for the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, I am interested sufficiently to point out that the statements concerning the relief standards in Colorado are not accurate. I have before me a statement indicating the average monthly relief budget as of June 1, 1934, based on the actual expenditures as reported from sixty counties in the State. This report shows that the average relief received by a family of five amounted to $30.53; in the city of Denver a family of five averaged $60.43. This is based on the April 1 report.

In December, 1933, Colorado's average for the State as a whole was $16.23 per family, but the average for the principal cities of the State was $23.62. The statistics for January are very misleading, because in that month the FERA refused to grant any funds to the State until the legislature made necessary appropriations for unemployment relief, which it did during the last week of January.

To state that Colorado's relief average is between $5 and $10 a month is certainly inaccurate. Beginning with February there was a great improvement in relief standards in Colorado.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 3 BENJAMIN GLASSBERG

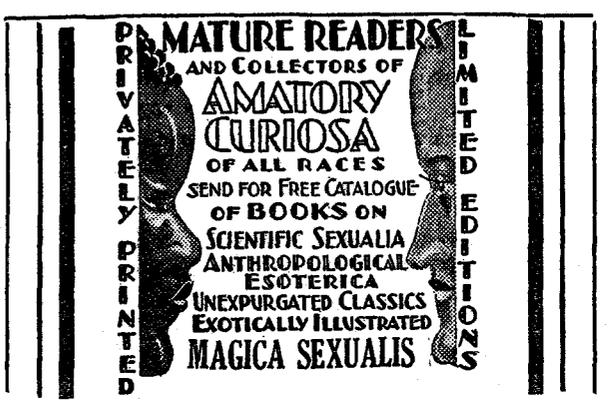
Just the Opposite

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish Mr. Rorty had seen my film "The World in Revolt" before describing it as "ultra-reactionary," as I am sure he would have agreed with the reviewers that it is just the opposite of what he says.

Astoria, N. Y., July 31 EMIL LENGYEL

RACIAL ARTS OF LOVE



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Labor and Industry

New York's Relief Crisis

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

WITHIN the greatest anthill of the Western Hemisphere the machinery has slowed down. One out of six New Yorkers depends on the dole. One out of three in the city's working population is without a job. Three hundred thousand New York families must be fed, housed, and clothed by government, and government is desperate and blundering at the task. The metropolis exhibits, in the large, all the defects of a system that leaves far too much of the relief burden on local government. Washington still declines to use its sovereign powers for a major attack on unemployment and relief. The city, as a mere municipal corporation, has only limited means at its disposal. Ordinary financial resources, despite reduction in social services and city pay rolls, are nearing exhaustion. Powerful social and political forces, planning even now to turn relief needs into profit, prevent the use of unusual methods and taxes to feed the hungry. City officials, caught between the pull of those who hold the purse-strings and the mounting strength of the organized unemployed, lose their fair-weather liberalism, grow arbitrary and brutal. And an irresponsible army officer, a Tammany protege gone Fusion, swallows reports of red plotting and uses his powers as Police Commissioner to organize a rifle and machine-gun regiment to shoot down strikers and jobless demonstrators.

In 1930 relief in New York City cost about a million dollars a month. This year combined federal, State, and local expenditures for New York's unemployed average between $15,000,000 and $16,000,000 a month—almost $200,000,000 a year, or roughly one-third of the city budget. State and city provide one-fourth of the funds, Washington one-half. The inflationary boomlet that marked the first year of the Roosevelt Administration made no permanent dent in the relief rolls. The number of those on home relief rose from 31,333 in June, 1932, to 116,949 in June, 1933; fell to 93,203 in October of that year, but rose again to 167,498 by June, 1934. During that month there were 354,153 families on work- and home-relief rolls, 77,000 more than in June, 1933. Monthly relief costs rose during that period from $9,943,267 to $15,318,196. Relief applications have risen from 900 a day last September to 1,500 a day. The estimate of the Health Commissioner that there are 150,000 additional New York families which need relief but are not getting it adds to the nightmare.

The PWA, slow in getting started, will provide few jobs even when fully under way. The $42,000,000 triborough bridge and the $37,500,000 midtown tunnel were begun last year, but the first project was giving work to only 440 men and the second to 599 men at the beginning of August. At the same time there were 717 men working on three smaller projects involving expenditures of $11,000,000. The city has applied for $175,000,000 additional in loans and grants. Some $40,000,000 has been made available, but the funds are still idle. The rest is expected to be approved. It is officially estimated that if all these projects are launched, the PWA at its peak will give employment to five or six thousand men in New York. The estimate seems generous.

New York's greatest relief crisis coincides, as in so many other cities, with a period of banker control. An attempt by the last Tammany administration to impose $25,000,000 in special taxes on the financial community led to threats of "secession." The Stock Exchange prepared, or pretended to prepare, for removal to Jersey City to escape stock-transfer taxes. The battle, more or less a sham, ended last October with the drawing up of a four-year agreement between the city and the bankers. The proposed taxes were abandoned. In return the bankers loaned the city $70,000,000 for relief, $32,000,000 of which was to repay the bankers for relief loans already made. A revolving fund was set up at what has since become an extortionately high rate of interest to provide for the city's recurring short-term needs. The city on its part agreed to limit real-estate taxes, the chief source of city revenue, and in four years to set aside a reserve of $175,000,000 against delinquent taxes. The signing of the agreement left the city neatly trussed up financially. Wall Street, which five years before had obviously preferred the Socialist Norman Thomas to the "wild radical" Fiorello H. LaGuardia, supported LaGuardia for Mayor, making sure that he would be considerably less radical than his speeches at banquets of lady garment workers.

Caught between the bankers' agreement and the rising complaints of relief organizations that allowances were inadequate, the administration has tended to move steadily to the right. In William Hodson, executive director of the Welfare Council of New York, Mayor LaGuardia picked a nationally known social worker to be his Welfare Commissioner. When Hodson was sworn in he told his aides that in dealing with a jobless client they should "listen to the story of his problems with patience and kindly understanding. If he shows irritation or impatience, remember that it is hard to be sweet-tempered when you are starving or about to be deprived of the roof over your head. . . . When you cannot do what is asked . . . give a full explanation in simple terms and with all courtesy and friendliness." That attitude was quite in accord with LaGuardia's own background, but within a few months jobless groups were calling for Hodson's resignation, the Mayor was assailing leaders of the unemployed as "yellow dogs" and "fakers," the Police Commissioner's strong-arm orders had brought about the clubbing of relief demonstrators, and Hodson was absolving the police and blaming reds for the disorders. To stave off criticism from the press, the Mayor summoned the city editors of the metropolitan press to a secret "emergency" conference. He confided to them his fears that red agitators were bent upon starting trouble, and asked them to refrain from criticism of the police. "Agitators" were dropped from relief rolls to check the organization of the unemployed. The climax was a brutal attack on demonstrators by police outside welfare headquarters on May 26.

When the Mayor cooled off, a conciliatory gesture was made with the announcement of a panel of 500 citizens to

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hear relief complaints. None, so far as could be learned, were ever notified. Six refused to serve. Corliss Lamont and Robert W. Dunn, two of those named, publicly declined with the statement that they regarded "the proposed panel as essentially a device of the LaGuardia administration to distract attention from the present campaign of persecution and terror against unemployed workers and organized relief workers."

The replacement of the CWA by the FERA, accompanied as it was with sharp wage cuts, intensified organization of the unemployed. Further declines in average relief allowances since have added to the discontent. In May the average monthly dole for families on home relief was $44.68. It was $44.09 in June. For those on work relief the May average, $53.93, fell in June to $51.61. Rent allowances range from $2 to $4 a week. Of 30,000 dropped when the CWA was transformed into the FERA, only about 10,000 have been restored. Work relief is now being cut down again. So is home relief. With jobs and pay rolls declining, there were 8,500 fewer on home relief in June than in May. In June less than $7,000,000 was being spent on work relief as compared with the $12,000,000 disbursed by the CWA in March. Work relief was cut a million dollars from May to June but home relief rose by only a quarter-million. As part of the "economy" drive a campaign was begun, with much tub-thumping, against "chiselers," that is, persons on both home-relief and work-relief rolls. These "chiselers," some 5 per cent of the cases investigated, actually drew the princely sum of about $80 a month.

New York, like other cities, has untried means at its disposal to alleviate distress among the jobless, but the difficulty in using them is enormous. Municipal distribution of food and milk purchased directly from the impoverished farmer is always a possibility—but not a probability in the face of hostile courts and the political suicide risked by the Mayor who tries them. Less radical methods are almost as hopeless. New York could, by the threat of special taxes on the financial community, rid itself altogether of the onerous reserve called for by the bankers' agreement, but the Mayor, after being hostile at first, then lukewarm, finally permitted negotiations that cut the reserve to $25,000,000 instead of $50,000,000 a year during the next three years. Income taxes, taxes on servants, luxury taxes, could be made to yield a good return. So could taxes on stock transfers. Relief funds could be raised in the world's richest financial district, but the Mayor is too beholden to and fearful of Wall Street to take the step. With his $38,000,000 relief fund exhausted, the Mayor called a conference of sixty-six prominent citizens to discuss steps to raise $40,000,000 for relief between September 1 and March 31. By the latter date he expects comprehensive federal machinery will have been set up to take over the whole problem. Wall Street could release this year's $24,000,000 reserve fund and bring the problem near to solution, but it hopes to use the city's distress to put over a transit tax of two cents as an entering wedge to getting rid of the hated five-cent fare. This would mean millions to the transit interests and their bankers, and they hope to succeed under the guise of humanity. The Mayor, fearful of political repercussions, still hesitates. And while he hesitates, New York continues to grapple desperately with its relief problem, reaching more and more for the club when it cannot supply the bread.

Coddling the Bums

By JAMES P. MITCHELL

WHEN the depression came, there was in operation only one major technique for relieving poverty and destitution—the case-work method as practiced by social workers. A combination of factors precipitated, first into the private charitable agencies and later into public agencies built on the model of the former, the responsibility of keeping alive the thousands of working people that our crazy economics had left penniless. Social agencies were thoroughly unprepared for the magnitude of the responsibility, for the immense number of human beings that were poured into their rather complex mechanism, but they did what they could. For no problem were there less preparation and fewer resources than for that of the transient. Public agencies were bound by the heritage of the Elizabethan poor law, which had so influenced American treatment of relief that public agencies in general would help no one who had not lived for a year in the county, or in some cases as small a unit as the township. In California three years were required, in Maine five, in Vermont seven. Other States had their peculiar requirements. On the other hand, the whole weight of American tradition was on the side of moving to the frontier. The frontier had ceased to exist, but the tradition was hearty. Single men, the most mobile element in the population, were the most numerous group among the transients, just as they were when Daniel Boone moved into Kentucky, and single men have been notoriously discriminated against, although Jesus of Nazareth was an unemployed, single, homeless carpenter, and many other valuable men, including Leonardo, Spinoza, Shakespeare, and Aristotle, would have been classified as "unattached men" by an American social agency if they had had the misfortune to apply for help, and would have been sent to a congregate shelter of a type whose standards at this date do not need description.

Many factors, of course, had their part in dislocating people from their "legal residence" (the degree of correlation between homelessness and broken homes seems very high), but the remarkable thing was that once a man was separated from that "legal residence" he could hardly return, and once "legal residence" was lost he could never hope for help. By this ingenious method hundreds of thousands of persons were removed from the rolls and the consciences of supervisors of the poor, and the country managed to build up a transient army whose size has been estimated as approaching three million. These could usually get overnight care wherever they went—communities were afraid to do less—but in the morning they must go on. Cumulatively, the possibilities of this method of giving relief by refusing to

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consider the need are enormous; theoretically, it would be only a question of time before everyone would be displaced from his "legal residence" and no further relief would be necessary. The coincident appearance of the Russian film "The Road to Life" with the remarkable study of homeless boys by Professor A. Wayne McMillen of the University of Chicago focused attention so effectively on the problem that a special appropriation was made to be administered through the FERA for the relief of people who needed help at a place not their legal residence. The money to be spent was entirely federal, relieving the individual communities of a burden which they were both unwilling and unable to assume. The few regulations and restrictions laid down were very sensible and valuable in the main: there was to be no time limitation on relief to transients; work relief was to be provided for everybody able to work; professional case workers were to be an important part of the program; standards were to be high enough so that no one need consider life in the box cars an improvement on federal relief.

The money was to be allocated to the States which submitted satisfactory plans. A great majority submitted plans and most have some sort of transient program now operating. The situation was so bad that any change would have been an improvement, and improvement there has been. The submitted plans bear a remarkable resemblance to the first plan, that of Professor McMillen for Alabama. In their working out there have been wide disparities. The program was necessarily experimental; to deal fairly with transients was a new concept for communities which had no intention of dealing fairly with residents; consequently much freedom was allowed. As usual everything began with the premise that since there are no legitimate jobs available it is necessary to invent illegitimate jobs.

The program has now been in operation for a year. According to William J. Plunkert, Director of Transient Activities of the FERA, there were on May 1, 1934, 259 transient treatment centers and 92 camps. During the month of March 325,000 different individuals received some assistance from the centers. The number receiving assistance at any one time is approximately 166,500; nearly 40 per cent of these, surprisingly enough, are individuals in families. Of the unattached individuals newly registered in March, 127,720 were males and 2,326 were women. More than 10,000 of these were Negroes. The number of Mexicans, Indians, and Orientals has been almost negligible. Over 17 per cent were minors. During March 138,243 cases were closed, of which about 4,500 were given transportation to their homes or to some other destination where they presumably would be well taken care of; 102,000 cases were closed because the transient was unwilling or unable to accept any plan which the service could offer. This extremely high number must represent a confessed failure on the part of an agency whose express purpose was to stabilize transients. Up to the end of May approximately $14,700,000 had been granted to the States by the FERA for the relief of transients.

There can be little question that the recognition of and provision for the needs of transient persons constituted a considerable advance in social policy. But the transient program itself is as yet far from being adequately developed. One of the most serious obstacles it has had to face is the actual hostility of many communities to relief for transients. It is hard at first thought to understand why any community should not welcome the program, but the distrust, dislike, and downright hatred of transients in the minds of many business men have delayed the program in many regions and crippled its effectiveness in others. Transients are regarded as immoral, as "labor agitators," as worthless individuals who have no contribution to make to the community. "It's their own fault," is a frequent attitude, and the conclusion is drawn that nothing should be done about them, or that they should be given overnight care and hustled away, thus removing them from the sight and consciences of more stable folk. This formula for relieving distress by ignoring it is a favorite evasion in many places. There is likewise in many communities the attitude that the transient program is too good for transients, that it is coddling the bums and thus encouraging transiency. The notion that adequate relief, with a chance to work for what is given and to earn from 50 to 90 cents a week, is too good for Americans might be funny if it did not have disastrous consequences. But it is true that the fairly decent standards imposed by federal regulations are considerably higher than the standards of relief of many local relief organizations, and not a few starving but stable families who have maintained a legal residence and many unattached men who have accepted the chilly comfort of a municipal flop-house might improve their lot considerably by taking to the road. The conclusion which sensible people might be expected to draw from this is that local relief agencies must raise their standards.

By no means all the difficulties in effective transient work have been caused by this hostility, however; most State programs have weaknesses and some are weak all the way through. The State directors and subordinate officials in many instances are not trained social workers; often they lack any real social conscience or understanding of the program. They have made some egregious blunders and established some fatal policies. One of the worst of the latter is the return to legal residence of most individuals and families for whom legal residence is verified. This is to overlook the fact that if their legal residence were a place where a reasonable adjustment could be made, the transients would never have become transients. It is true that many, especially young boys, once they have a chance to sit down in a minimum of peace and comfort without the urgency of departure facing them for the next morning, realize that their place is at home, and with skilful assistance they can be brought to face their problems and handle them. Sometimes the assistance of the home agency can be enlisted in solving the conflicts which led to transiency, and sometimes a program can be developed for the transient on his return home which will fill the gaps which made home life seem bleak and an existence in the box cars preferable by comparison. But in too many State programs this is not attempted; a simple telegram, a reply proving residence for the past year—and transportation is furnished. This provides a certain amount of revenue for the railroads, but it is difficult to see what else of value it accomplishes. If the legal residence presents the same apparently insurmountable obstacles to adjustment which it presented before transiency, those obstacles can be escaped merely by running away from them again. It would be interesting to determine how many families and individuals have been provided with transportation to their homes only to take once more to the road when home looked as bad as ever.

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In States which have turned the transient program into a transportation program the standards of case work—though not necessarily of physical care—are usually very low; the workers may be competent, but they are very few, with great loads, and are stuck off in a corner of the program to collect verifications of residence and do little else. The adjustment of transients to their situation, assistance to them in gaining insight into their predicament, is hardly thought of. Frequently, in fact, any variation from the most inconspicuous behavior is treated as a good reason for denying further service, and the "undesirable" transient is pushed out on the road again, to go through the same difficulties at the next center. It is certainly clear that many transients take to the road as a way of escaping from problems which seem insurmountable, and that this is a neurotic approach to life. Many transients do have serious psychic conflicts. So far even the best-organized State programs have provided little psychiatric service, and some have not even recognized that the more difficult an individual's problems are, the more he needs skilled help. It is too easy to dismiss a transient who causes—because he contains—problems.

Dismissal is also the easy way of dealing with the radicals in the ranks of the transients. Why there are not more of these is a great mystery; perhaps the transients are too individualistic to impose on themselves the radical discipline. But the fear in the minds of many transient officials of anyone who can be labeled radical or Communist or Socialist is really remarkable, and a simple effort of a few young boys to get three rather than two blankets, or stoves to heat the bunkhouse in a camp, has been interpreted as revealing the most sinister machinations of Moscow, justifying, and even requiring, that the offenders be ejected promptly and loaded into the nearest box cars. On one occasion men suspected on the vaguest of evidence of being "labor agitators" were transferred from one camp to another under guard of machine-guns and tear-gas bombs.

Too much dependence has been placed so far on camps as the main or even the only resource for the relief of transient men. Even the best of camps is no place for a man whose standards of privacy and living have been kept high, or for the psycho-neurotic, for example. And even for the rest it is hard to see how it is possible to prepare people for normal living by adjusting them to the abnormal regimented life in a congregate camp or shelter. It is hard to see, too, why there has so far been so little interest in the development of plans by which transients might be paid for their relief work in cash in full, maintaining themselves in quarters they themselves choose. There seems to be nothing in the federal regulations to prevent this development.

Many social workers have felt that the transient program offered the most interesting field in the country for adventurous and imaginative social work. This may still be true, but so far little more than the possibilities are visible. It is impossible to stabilize the transient except by offering him something better than life on the road. We are not yet ready to face the fact that something better can only mean ultimately a social order in which he can live and work and feel the value of his work for himself and the world.

Flop-House

By DAVID SCHEYER

I'VE been working for the Civil Works Education Service, a small segment of the moribund CWA which still clings to the lush fringes of the federal pay roll. My job was to hold classes in Chicago's flop-houses—the shelters where unemployed single men are, after a fashion, housed and fed. I was to provide food for the spirit.

"Go to 758," they told me when I started to work; 758 was office slang for the Reclassification Shelter in an abandoned school building at Halsted and Harrison on the West Side. I didn't do much teaching there. But I talked to people—supervisors, drunks, case workers, bouncers, perverts, and plain unemployed men—and I began to learn something of those unknown ash heaps where Chicago throws its unemployed. At 758 I saw the picture at its blackest. Yet when later I went to other flop-houses I found that 758 was no more than a caricature of the fundamental conditions in all of them. This was a flop-house for hopeless cases or men under observation. Here the drunks were drunker and absorbed cheaper "de-rail," the homosexuals were more overt, the psychopaths a little crazier, the watchman slugged a bit harder, the hopelessness was more hopeless. But there was nothing unique about it.

Looking for potential students my first evening, I went to the "bull-pen" where most of the 1,200 "guests"—the term is officially sanctioned—spend their days and years, sitting looking at newspapers, sitting playing pinochle, just sitting. The bull-pen is a long, low room in the basement. Two bulbs furnish light for the four or five hundred men sprawled on backless benches. Along one side runs a trough used as a washstand and a urinal.

The men all looked gray. Most of them were old. Some were talking, some singing alcoholically, some sitting quietly. But they were all gray and slouched and tired. It looked, I thought, like a literal hell—a place where emptiness goes on into eternity. It was hard to talk to these people. They were tired and suspicious. Too many curious college boys and case workers had interviewed them condescendingly. But I tried. I had, after all, my duty to the CWES.

"Have a cigarette? I'm supposed to have a class here," I volunteered, not too brightly, to an intelligent-looking but pretty tight guest. "What do you think would be a good thing to discuss in classes?"

"What the hell do I want wid a class?" he said, grabbing the cigarette. "We'd all of us here be a goddam lot better off if we was dead."

I talked to other people that evening. I talked to hundreds of guests in the succeeding months. I followed that phrase—"We'd be a lot better off dead"—trying to find how general the attitude was, what conditions lay behind it, what path had brought these men to the flop-houses, whether there was any path, short of death, leading out.

Meals in flop-houses are spaced to assume an impor-

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tance far beyond their intrinsic worth. Getting up at six, the guest is greeted by thin oatmeal, bread, and coffee, varied with powdered eggs or, very, very rarely, a slice of bacon. Hymns of hate could be written on flop-house coffee. Its fundamentals are a little chicory, a great deal of water, and a heavy shot of saltpeter. There is no midday meal. Supper is served at five. Normally it is beans or hash with potatoes, occasionally cheap meat—and flop-house coffee. The dieticians of the relief commission have said that two meals a day are enough for men not working. Meals, apparently, are meals to an official dietician regardless of caliber or quantity. These meals are, frankly, a starvation diet. As a starvation diet they fulfil important functions. First, they keep life in a flop-house from becoming so roseate that the unemployed prefer it to work, an imaginary danger conditioning most shelter supervision and supervisors. Secondly, they keep the guests in a dull, bewildered mood, inactive and unprotesting. Lastly, they are very cheap. Flop-house meals cost about two and one-half cents apiece.

The guests at 758 were a dying crew. Starvation and alcohol were cutting deep into already gaunt faces; few there could walk at more than a totter. At other flop-houses with more energetic guests the meals were supplemented in one way or another. Some found work here and there for a day at a time and managed to buy lunches. Others panhandled. Still others worked on the shelter staff and were rewarded by a noon meal and a dollar a week. These last, the "staff men"—cleaners, watchmen, doormen, waiters, dish-washers, straw bosses—formed the bureaucracy of the flop-houses. Singled out as rugged individuals, better fed, better clothed, they naturally were aligned on the side of the angels. The shelter supervisors tolerated in them vicious brutalities; all the watchmen, for example, were supplied with blackjacks and used them freely on recalcitrants. "We have to handle tough people," a shelter manager told me. "We've got to use tough methods to handle them." This is true. As flop-houses exist in Chicago today it would be impossible to operate without fascist technique and the stool-pigeon class of "staff men."

Sleeping in 758 was done on army cots with a blanket apiece. Some of the other flop-houses have progressed to the point of adding sheets. But all have the barracks system of cots packed in almost solidly with the men sleeping end to end, so that every face has two pair of feet less than a yard away. Needless to say, in the flop-houses feet are feet.

The curfew rings the knell of parting day at ten o'clock. Any guest out later is banned for the night and may only be readmitted with the consent of the case worker. The outcast can sleep in the park in the summer, but in winter, if he has a dime, he will go to a "cake house." Here his dime buys a cot and a cakes-and-coffee breakfast. The cake houses are privately operated flop-houses, lining West Madison Street and Halsted Street, about nine degrees worse than the official relief shelters. They have, added to all the other disabilities, a terrific assortment of international bugs—tropical lice from Mexico and California, northern bugs from Canadian lumber camps, Oriental bugs from the harbors of New York and San Francisco, and the déclassé but plentiful domestic bedbug.

In the official flop-houses the bug problem is handled by fumigations every two weeks. This is effective, but hard on clothes. After three or four trips through the fumigator pants fall apart at the seams and shirts tatter in ribbons. Clothes replacements are handled through Red Cross donations. The guest sits in a long line of incredibly ragged fellow-guests for from three to ten hours waiting to requisition new clothes. Then, after a further wait of two or three weeks, God and the Red Cross willing, his socks or denim shirt or cotton pants appear at last.

This is the objective picture of 758 and, largely, of all other shelters. It is a dark scene, and most case workers and shelter supervisors would admit it. But they would cite the magnitude of the job, the shortage of funds, the indifference of the public, and a dozen other alibis, all of them true. Most of these people are doing the best they can. But they carry around their necks the albatross of the case worker's tradition that what they are granting is pauper relief to destitute incompetents. Like all relief the flop-house system of today is a gradual accretion. It has grown from the old municipal lodging-house, which before 1929 handled eight hundred or a thousand men, to its present proportions without any fundamental change in directives. The underlying assumption is that flop-house men are bums.

Most of the men in 758 are bums, mentally and physically decayed, almost completely unemployable. At other flop-houses a smaller though still appallingly large percentage of the guests are in the same state. But there is a long story behind each case. My first friend in 758, for example, had been a telegrapher. He lost his job in 1927 at the age of fifty-one. For a few years he worked at odd jobs—as bill peddler, receiving clerk, canvasser. For two years he has had no employment at all. He has spent eighteen months of those two years in flop-houses—the last four in 758, classified as a hopeless alcoholic. Now he is drinking "de-rail"—shots of denatured alcohol, bought for seven or eight cents a pint—and belongs to the lowest caste of flop-house bums, a grade below those who seek Lethe in moonshine at fifteen cents a pint. Undoubtedy he will die in a flop-house and quite soon. But this man is old.

At other times and in other places I talked to younger men. They had been painters, carpenters, automobile mechanics, migratory farm hands, miners, shopkeepers, clerks, tool-makers, butchers, longshoremen, railroaders. There were Lithuanians from the coalfields of southern Illinois and Indiana, bewildered Mexicans drawn north to the stockyards, Negroes, and a large proportion of 100 per cent native white Americans. Many were ex-soldiers. Now underneath young and even cheerful faces you can see foreshadowed the seamed gray lines and bleared eyes of the men in 758. Up to a month in the flop-houses the line is, "Oh, I'm just here staying out a run of tough luck. I'm getting me a job next week." The two-months men begin to look a little uncertain, begin to complain of indigestion, begin to prefer sitting on the curb to walking the streets for jobs. In three months they sit on the curb longer, take a shot of gin in the morning to clear up last night's hangover. And the months mount up and the job doesn't come and when six months have passed they are flop-house bums, stuck here, save for a minor miracle, permanently.

There are fifteen thousand men in Chicago's shelters today. Half of them can never do serious work again. And even among the other half—the younger men, the stronger men, the men who stave off "de-rail"—another year will see three or four thousand more drifting into the 758 category.

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The flop-house system does not suffer from the business cycle. It creates its own customers.

Mental stimulus was certainly needed, but I became increasingly doubtful of the physical foundation for an academic life in the shelters. I talked to groups sitting in dank bull-pens or on slum curbs; talked about unemployment insurance and relief, about the business cycle and surplus value, about politics and strikes and war. Sometimes they were interested. But it was always a flagging interest; it died as I left and would not stir again for weeks perhaps. They were too tired to be excited. Even the Communists lacked stamina. (Later I discovered that whenever a really competent organizer began to make headway the authorities promoted him to a work-relief job and got rid of him.) The reds I met were only discursively vocal without any staying power for a genuine protest movement in the flop-houses. The food, the blackjacks, and the bull-pen had bitten them too.

In South Chicago a bunch of sailors did shake off the shackles of the shelters. Twenty-five lake men, on the beach at Calumet Harbor, decided they didn't like the flop-house. They protested to the shelter manager, who threatened to call the police. They took their protest to the relief commission and sat down in the commission office, promising to stay there. Lake sailors are big, brawny lads, recruited from the farms of Illinois and Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota, and the relief commission needed its chairs. Now the seamen have their own shelter in South Chicago, run by themselves, financed by the FERA. Any case worker who goes near it must be prepared to answer rather than ask questions.

This is part of a solution to the flop-house problem but an isolated part and likely to remain so. Men who have spent a year, two years, in the bull-pen will never discover it. Men who have eaten the lotus of flop-house food for months, men who find the way out in "de-rail," cannot emulate it. The guests in 758, the seven or eight thousand who have been submerged during these past years, the thousands who will join them in the months and years to come—they'd be a "goddam lot better off if they was dead."

Labor Notes

Section 7-a Looks Up

TWO highly encouraging decisions have been handed down by the new National Labor Relations Board in interpretation of Section 7-a. In the Tamaqua Underwear case, previously noted in *The Nation,* the board has ordered the reinstatement of sixty-one employees, members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, who were refused employment because of a closed-shop contract between the management and a company union. The board found that the Tamaqua Employees' Association was in fact a company union; accordingly, any closed-shop contract it might have signed with the management was invalid. Incidentally, the board remarked that a "collective-bargaining agreement such as this, which provides merely for the closed shop, is an oddity in the annals of labor relations." Significantly, the board took pains to mention that its decision did not bear on the "validity of a closed-shop agreement with a bona fide labor union." In a second decision the board ruled on the grievances of the Lighting Equipment Workers' Local Union No. 19427 against Edward F. Caldwell and Company of New York City, manufacturers of ornamental fixtures. The management flatly refused to sign a collective contract with the union. Instead, it brought pressure to bear so that 100 out of a total of 150 employees were constrained to sign individual contracts with respect to wages, hours, and working conditions. The board held that under the circumstances the individual contracts were inconsistent with Section 7-a: "An employer who, having already been informed by the representatives of his employees that they desire to bargain collectively, deliberately sets out to bargain with them individually interferes with the rights guaranteed his employees by the law. . . . These contracts, which covered wages and hours, the prime subjects of collective negotiation, would, if valid, empty the employees' right of collective bargaining of all significance and purpose." In both cases the board has no doubt acted upon sound principles. Its next program will be to prevail upon anti-union employers to comply with these principles. This was the rock on which the old board was wrecked.

Railway Workers and the New Deal

I

THE railroads, 137 strong, have asked an injunction to prevent the Railroad Retirement Board from collecting assessments from the carriers and their employees under the provisions of the Railroad Pension Act which was passed by the last Congress. The carriers, as was expected, invoke the "due process" clause as well as the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. The Railroad Pension bill, which has just gone into effect, is the Administration's only tangible accomplishment to date in the matter of economic-security legislation. Almost all the carriers intend to continue their "charity" pension plans until forced to discontinue them by judicial edict. Some of them, like the Pennsylvania, will immediately begin making the payroll deductions required by the law, but will segregate the funds pending the outcome of the suit. Holding fast to the capitalistic ethic, the railroad executives believe that retirement pensions should be a reward bestowed out of the overflowing goodwill of the employer. They cannot as yet accept the idea that the employer owes it as a legal duty to his workers to provide for their old age. More concretely, the charges imposed by the bill on the railroads represent a substantial stepping-up over the contributions which the railroads have seen fit to make under existing voluntary retirement plans.

II

DESPITE the last-minute efforts of the expiring shop-crafts company unions to organize themselves on a national basis, the National Railway Adjustment Board has been set up with solid trade-union representation on the labor side. Each of the eighteen employee representatives chosen is a member, either of one of the brotherhoods or of one of the A. F. of L. unions affiliated with the Railway Employees Department. Meanwhile, the railroad workers continue to repudiate the company union. On the Erie Railroad, the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees recently defeated the company union, 2,573 to 973, in an election of representatives for collective bargaining. Again, the firemen, oilers, and the shop crafts on the Chicago Junction Railroad have chosen by a vote of better than two to one to affiliate with the Railway Employees Department rather than remain bound to a company union. All indications point to a victory for the A. F. of L. in a like referendum, scheduled for the near future, among the shop craftsmen of the Illinois Central. After long years of subjection to the Union Pacific's company union, the workers have once more organized

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themselves into a divisional federation of the Railway Employees Department. Similar divisional federations have been established in the New Jersey Central and Norfolk and Western systems. The 1934 amendments to the Railway Labor Act are bearing genuine fruit.

III

ONE of the most essential of these amendments—aimed against the compulsory "check-off"—is now being tested before the United States District Court at Topeka, Kansas. It prohibits the carriers from deducting, collecting, or assisting to collect out of the wages of employees "dues, fees, assessments, or other contributions" payable to a labor organization. On June 21 the trustees of the bankrupt Rock Island Railroad dissolved a "check-off" contract previously in force between the management and the Association of Rock Island Mechanical and Power Plant Employees—a company union. Forthwith officers of the union brought suit to restrain the trustees from voiding the contract and to enjoin the enforcement of the Railway Labor Act as "unconstitutional." The court granted a temporary restraining order and set July 28 as a hearing date. In the bill of complaint the company-union officers argue that they "will be unable to make collection of dues . . . the association will be destroyed, or its effectiveness materially reduced." This amounts to an open confession that the company union will fall to pieces unless the employer helps it to raid the pay envelopes of the workers. The Supreme Court decision of 1930 in the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks' case indicated that the court has no sympathy with the company union, so far at least as it afflicts railway workers. The outcome of the present suit will be of vital importance to the future of organized labor.

Rank-and-File Revolt

PROGRESSIVE groups in Local 306 of the Motion Picture Operators, the union which Sam Kaplan, convicted labor racketeer, once headed, are house-cleaning again. Harry Sherman, former hireling of Paramount-Publix, has been removed from his $20,000-a-year job as president, and the rank and file has demanded the recall of several other officers. The progressives found Sherman's methods in office hardly less high-handed than those of his predecessor, Kaplan. A laudable program calling for a closed ballot, reduced assessments, lower salaries for union officers, strict accounting of expenditure of union funds, and elimination of racketeering has been presented by the reform group. If the International union which has taken control of Local 306 abandons its former obstructionist tactics and gives its whole-hearted support to the reform program, Local 306 will be able to make real progress. The labor czars have discredited and weakened the whole American labor movement. Rank-and-file elements in other unions would do well to emulate the example of their fellow-workers in Local 306.

Bootleg Mining

THE vigilantes of the NRA have discovered "rebellion and civil war, which only the calling out of the National Guard can suppress," in the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania. This is the description and solution of "bootleg" mining troubles offered by Ira C. Cochran, chairman of the Federal Coal Code Authority. Recent reports of union strife in the coalfields have served to minimize the fact that grim economic war has been and is still going on between the miners, of all unions, and the operators. King Coal's illness has resulted in the closing and flooding of many shafts, available work is given to non-union men, and the union miners, jobless and poverty-stricken, have taken to digging their own pits on company property and selling the coal thus mined for a meager livelihood. This is bootleg mining, and it is no exaggeration to say that the operators regard it as one of their most important problems, for they fear that desperate miners may also seize working shafts, drive off the scabs, and do pitched battle for possession. State police were sent in to the Pottsville area recently to smash bootleg mining, and this has further heightened the temper of the miners. Cochran's plea for the National Guard has been soft-pedaled somewhat by Governor Pinchot, who has undertaken an investigation of the situation. But meanwhile NRA enforcement agencies are upholding the sacred rights of property and are planning a vigorous drive on the unauthorized coal traffic. Hasty action on their part may precipitate bloody warfare such as has seldom been equaled. These miners will be fighting not merely for jobs but for their very lives. The situation is a serious one; it demands an understanding that NRA officials have thus far failed to show.

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Edited by Dagobert D. Runes, Ph.D.

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Books

Clinical Note

By VINCENT McHUGH

Sickness makes a fool of the mind:
All day in his box he crawled and whined
And licked at the sweated wall of bone,
And had no wit to call his own.
In the night, in the dark, he opened his throat
To a single soundless quavering note
That came out of him like a twanged arrow,
Out of his bowels, out of his marrow.
No one heard him. No one crept
To tap at the wall. The dead slept.

Poem

By CLINCH CALKINS

(To an Infant Born in Times of Great Change)

The white sun will grow and coarsen into flame in the west.
Stay at my breast. Stay small and beautiful.
The unabstaining moon, too, will age and fatten.
Do not restrain her. But the satin bud
Let it not disclose its heart, nor the new leaf
Show its veins and hasten into fall.
Stay at my breast,
Stay beautiful and small.

A Morality of Pointlessness

Appointment in Samarra. By John O'Hara. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. O'HARA'S first book is highly readable and grossly entertaining; and it has the advantage of belonging to the most popular of present schools of the novel, the school which includes Hemingway more or less complete and such recent books as "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Brain Guy"; it is the school which gives provisionally permanent expression to the attitude which produces a weekly *New Yorker* and a monthly *Esquire*. Thus the dedication is to F. P. A., and the title—which means an appointment with inescapable and sudden death—is explained in an epigraph drawn from an unpublished play of Somerset Maugham's.

Because the school, not only in the content of its productions but also in its public relations, is, so to speak, becoming tough and domineering in terms of its positive but limited virtues, Mr. O'Hara's book deserves examination at a certain length. It is a segmentary novel, occupying Christmas Eve, Christmas, and the day after Christmas, 1930, in the city of Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, with various cut-backs and two postscripts. It contains a telescopic history of Gibbsville and exhibits a segmentary view, as a segmentary novel should, of many of its citizens, most often in a sexual or alcoholic but always evidently normal posture: all these in terms of the characterization above.

The protagonist is Julian English, aged thirty, of the aristocracy, who loves his wife but drinks too much. On Christmas Eve he throws a highball in the face of Harry Reilly, who is self-made, Irish Catholic, and a bore, and to whom Julian owes $20,000. This occurs at the Lantenengo Country Club. On Christmas night he gets drunk, and because his wife refuses to keep a date with him in their parked car, he takes the mistress of Gibbsville's leading bootlegger out of a roadhouse into somebody else's parked car. This occurs in front of his wife, some of his friends, and one of his employees. The day after Christmas is a bad day for Julian, with his servants, his wife, and at his office. So he beats up a one-armed friend and a Polack lawyer or two at the Gibbsville Club. This happens in front of the club steward. Then he drives round the country to cool off, back to town, and finds his wife coming out of her mother's house. When he tells her the latest she tells him she is through and calls off the big party they were to have given that night. Julian goes home, sets to work on the liquor for the party and on the female society reporter who calls for the guest list. Then, at the safety point of alcoholic stupor, he kills himself in his garage by carbon-monoxide poisoning.

The book also contains the life histories of Julian, his wife Caroline, his father the doctor, Al Grecco the bootlegger's runner; short sketches of Harry Reilly, Monsignor Creedon, Ed Charney the big shot, Luther Fliegler the normal American salesman; and thumbnail sketches or characteristic anecdotes of a score of others. Luther Fliegler, the normal man, opens and closes the book and is the only chorus for its climax. He is, I think, the author's only ironic representation, but he has no integral part in the action. Al Grecco, whose history is given at the next greatest length to that of Julian, has no integral part either; although, like Fliegler, he is apparently to suffer because of Julian's actions. Fliegler and Grecco are not so much subordinate as parallel characters. The quality of agency so far as the main story goes is reserved to Julian alone. The other characters are interesting as lookers-on and innocent bystanders, affected or injured by Julian's private and inexplicable explosion.

It is characteristic of this school of writing that its crucial gesture is inexplicable. The man kills himself without having once, before that day, thought of death as a solution, and without ever having felt death's lag or its magnetism. We are told only, early in the book, that his grandfather killed himself after having embezzled considerably. Julian is in debt, but not, with his family resources, inextricably. He kills himself, apparently, because his wife does not immediately forgive his drunken stupidity. He kills himself, so far as I can see, either pointlessly or out of back-handed good-will, out of gruff, tough, sentimental loyalty to a code itself pointless.

Part of this pointlessness is due to the segmentary character of the novel. The different groups of characters in the book, their motives and objects, are segments fitted one after another. They do not grow together, nor, I think, are they meant to. They achieve a kind of specious unity by being printed in sequence and by interrupting each other, and they further comprise a patchwork background. It is true that both Fliegler and Al Grecco act in some part as mirrors or reflectors in which we get images of Julian as a real guy, but they are not otherwise even apparently made to work into the main action. However interesting they may be in themselves, and they are interesting, as agents of this novel they are incredibly wasteful and meretricious. In short, although the book is dramatic in the sense that it is exciting, is vivid and written at high speed, is accurate and often penetrating, it is not a well-designed drama, in the sense that its parts do not supplement, bind, and enforce each other. Much of it might exactly as well be in some other novel.

But the book would no doubt repeat that it meant to be pointless and fragmentary. That is the way things are thought to happen ever since Hergesheimer became Hemingway: they are poignantly pointless to the point of sentimentality. Only,

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to make a book, they have to be tough and exciting about liquor and women. With these stipulations, we have the kind of craft which makes a good detective story good reading: a craft of particulars, and surfaces, and anecdotes, covering a highly artificial convention of reality: an exciting craft to appreciate while the story lasts.

In other words, however immediate and however great the claim to reality, to authority, such a book makes, we are actually reading a romance, which can have as its best merit that it entertains and thrills. The romance I mean is that defined by Henry James as experience liberated, cut loose from our sense of the way things ordinarily happen. The only fault with this sort of writing is that it pretends not to cut loose where it cuts the sharpest: where it makes a morality of pointlessness, and an action out of intoxication.

It may be, of course, that Mr. O'Hara is right. Certainly his first novel has the vigor of conception, the ear for speech, and the eye for effect that make good writing; and he has, more valuable, the facility for the immediate aspects of character. The fault of romanticism I find may be merely a failure to combine his merits with the persuasive force of style. The pointlessness may be right, at least in the legitimate field of sex and liquor. But it is certainly not a new vocation.

R. P. Blackmur

Assurance Through Social Insurance

The Quest for Security. By I. M. Rubinow. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THIS sound and brilliantly written book appeared, by a striking coincidence, on the very day on which President Roosevelt announced to Congress and to the country that he intended at the coming session of Congress to push for a comprehensive program of social insurance. It is therefore in the truest sense an extraordinarily timely work, and one which without any sacrifice of real scholarship reads as fascinatingly as a swift-moving novel.

It shows how one of the great driving forces of Americans, as of other people, has always been the quest for security. Formerly we sought it by carving out homesteads and building up small businesses. Today those forms of security do not avail for the vast majority, who are confined as wage and salaried workers within an industrial system. The wages which they receive are, in a very large percentage of cases, insufficient to meet even current needs, to say nothing of providing a nest egg for possible future contingencies. Even the skilled do not have much of a surplus which they can lay aside. And when the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—accidents, sickness, old age, and unemployment—ride down upon their victims, they find them with grossly insufficient reserves to meet the heavy economic losses which they must suffer. The result is that millions of families are swept into poverty and suffering for lack of protection.

But while these losses are too great to be borne by the unfortunate minority of individuals upon whom at any one time they fall, they are not too great to be borne by society as a whole. The most effective and adequate way of doing so is through the system of insurance. Most men are, after all, generally employed, and most people are relatively healthy, just as most houses do not burn down and only a comparatively few people die in any one year. Insurance has indicated the way in which these losses may be distributed. The many make small contributions in order to protect themselves against great losses, should they be the unlucky ones. It is better for a thousand householders to pay ten dollars each a year as fire insurance, and with this to indemnify the one man whose house does burn down, than for the latter to suffer the full ten-thousand-dollar loss. And they will all sleep better at night for knowing that if their particular house should burn down, they would be protected.

Americans have seen the solid sense of this in the case of fire, marine, and life insurance. They have been very slow to see it in the case of the great industrial risks, and it has really taken the depression to reveal how frail is the protection afforded by individual savings. For our wage and low-salaried workers the quest for security must, therefore, fundamentally take the form of the pooled protection of social insurance. In order to get an adequate coverage and to protect those who need it most, this insurance will have to be made mandatory. In fact, this is one of the characteristics which distinguish social from ordinary insurance, namely, that society regards such protection as so important to the community as a whole that it feels it must encourage or require its adoption. A second difference is that while private insurance cannot, in the nature of the case, distinguish between recipients on the basis of need, this is not only possible but probably desirable from the social point of view. If this were clearly realized, then the objections to providing extra allowances for dependents, and to permitting some groups to draw out more than they put in, would fall to the ground.

It is a merit of Rubinow's book that he considers, with a wealth of illustration, how accidents, sickness, unemployment, and old age should be provided for in the light of these principles. Another of its many virtues is the fair and dispassionate way in which it deals with the question whether under unemployment insurance we should follow the Wisconsin plan of separate company reserves or the Ohio plan of pooled reserves. His ultimate answer is that since the burden of unemployment is very different in the various industries, the Wisconsin plan would result in a great inequality of benefits among the unemployed, and hence be impracticable, and that the preventive features of the Wisconsin act have been greatly exaggerated. This is pointed out with a full recognition of the splendid pioneering efforts of John R. Commons and Harold Groves, which lifts the whole discussion to the high level on which it belongs.

The objectors to unemployment insurance at the present time, particularly the private insurance companies, are insisting that we should not adopt it because, since we cannot foresee how much unemployment there will be, the risk is uninsurable. Mr. Rubinow does not devote much space in his book to discussing this objection, although he has considered it in full elsewhere. The answer, however, is clear. In the first place, the funds collected will provide a far greater assurance of protection to those thrown out of work than is now the case. This is the real end sought, and I am inclined to believe that the French term *assurance* is more accurate than the word insurance, and that it would arouse less opposition if it were employed. The second answer is that we already have much more information on the past volume of unemployment than obscurantists are willing to admit, and that an allowance of an average of 10 per cent, plus a reserve for catastrophes, should, barring a complete collapse of capitalism, provide for by far the major portion of unemployment in the future. From this the average premiums can be computed according to the scale of benefits, the length of the waiting period, the duration of benefits, and so forth. It is my own judgment that a 4 per cent assessment on the pay roll can provide, on the average, 45 per cent benefits up to twenty weeks in a year, with a three weeks' waiting period, if a major business cycle is taken as the unit. Furthermore, the rates may be revised if they prove inadequate. In fact, the only way to get the complete statistical material upon which more accurate rates can be based is through the medium of unemployment insurance. It is this which makes the opposition of many of the

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insurance companies appear disingenuous in the light of the fact that they undertook marine and fire insurance without any very adequate statistical basis.

Social insurance, because of the President's message, promises to be one of the great political and social issues of the next few years. The citizen who wants to inform himself, and have a good time doing it, cannot do better than to read Rubinow's book. Although Rubinow is a distinguished actuary, there is not a statistical table in the book. It is brimful of shrewd and salty common sense and penetrating analysis, and it shows a thorough mastery over details. Incidentally, the Administration could not do better than to put Rubinow in charge of the formulation of its social-insurance program, which will need the careful work of experts. PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Honest Bewilderment

The Architecture of the Universe. By W. F. G. Swann. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

"THE Architecture of the Universe" is intended to present the less vulgar with the latest conclusions of physics, though to this unlearned reviewer many of the conclusions, as they are presented in this book at least, appear somewhat dubious. Dr. Swann, we discover, has a certain contempt for the ordinary judgments of mankind with respect to the primary concepts of his subject. "Old Euclid," he informs us, defined a straight line as the shortest distance between two points. Euclid, as Dr. Swann would discover if he troubled to acquaint himself with Euclid, did not define the straight line in this way. The error might be considered trifling. It is not, for it is one example out of many of his ignorance of the analyses and the doctrines of the ancients. This too might be of little importance, but the ordinary judgments of the common man to which Dr. Swann condescends are the products of those very analyses and doctrines: to endeavor to understand them without regard to the contexts and the systems in which they first occur is to understand them incorrectly. It is to fail to understand them at all.

Dr. Swann ignores a simpler question. In the beginning we are all alike innocent of knowledge; but the step from a state of complete ignorance to the perception or understanding of something is not identical with the change from a simple or incomplete understanding to an understanding more complete. In the one case there is a complete discontinuity, in the other there is not. Dr. Swann ignores the distinction. From him we shall not learn whether the ordinary judgments of mankind are proper to the state of innocence or the state of simplicity. The question is important, since in the one instance there is a mutual ground and the ground not that of contradiction between the scientist and the ordinary man, and in the othere there is none.

Dr. Swann, then, dispenses with the ancient, the ordinary judgments of the matter. In their place he discovers for us novel conclusions. He gives us no real knowledge as to the reason or the nature of their origin; but deficient in this reason and nature, they can do little more than amuse or astound. We apply mathematics to things; in consequence of this action we discover certain other things. From the facts alone, however, we cannot find what the significance of the application itself is; but with this significance absent the facts can be little more than the curiosities of the moment. That Dr. Swann intends more than our amusement or information may be inferred from the contents of the final chapter, since there he gives us a kind of theology. A theology, moreover, which is imposed on its subject from without, and so, apart from its intrinsic ineptness, of no value.

In content "The Architecture of the Universe" extends from a consideration of atomic theories to relativity; but any attempt of the reader to discover an internal ordering and reason must end in disappointment. It must be confessed that we are somewhat unfair to Dr. Swann. In terms of his endeavor his work succeeds better than many a like work on the subject. It is possible that the defect is not in him, but in the nature of the popular exposition itself. LINCOLN REIS

Baruch or Benedictus

The Philosophy of Spinoza. Unfolding the Latent Process of His Reasoning. By Harry Austryn Wolfson. The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. $7.50.

Spinoza and Buddha. Visions of a Dead God. By S. M. Melamed. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

DR. WOLFSON'S interpretation of Spinoza is that of a student of medieval Jewish philosophy. According to him Spinoza did not contribute anything essentially new to the intellectual heritage of the West. Behind the explicit Benedictus, "who reasons according to the rigid method of the geometer," lurks the real man, Baruch, "whose thought turns along the beaten logical paths of medieval reasoning." Benedictus found his problems already clearly formulated for him by the thinkers who preceded him. And the solutions which he proposed involved no more than the courage required to draw logical conclusions where his predecessors had avoided them at all costs. These solutions Dr. Wolfson formulates as "four acts of daring," consisting in the thorough acceptance of the major implications of the principle of the unity of nature. To establish his thesis Dr. Wolfson calls to his aid an enormous erudition, which in the manner in which it is displayed amounts almost to a history of the problems of medieval philosophy. The critical apparatus is impressive, but it seems all too often unnecessarily in evidence. Quotations from medieval philosophy are overmultiplied, and the main thread of the exegesis is interrupted for the sake of discussions which, while never uninteresting, are not always specially apposite. But this is a superficial criticism not meant to detract from the solidity of Dr. Wolfson's work, from its meticulous scholarship and from the light with which it frequently floods dark passages of the "Ethics."

The resulting account of Spinoza's system, however, is extremely one-sided. Dr. Wolfson's erudition makes it highly plausible, but one wonders whether Spinoza was only one of the last of the medieval rabbis. What of Benedictus's relations to the intellectual currents of his day? These are denied by implication, and yet the modern Spinoza was not only characterized by his geometrical manner of reasoning. The only one of his contemporaries to whom frequent reference is made is Descartes. Now Spinoza may have been at heart a medieval. He kept, it is true, a studied detachment from his day. But this detachment was very specious. And there is certainly more to him than intellectual intrepidity. At least his intrepidity needs to be accounted for. Or else the traditional interpretation which makes of him the heir of Hobbes, Galileo, Bruno, and Copernicus, as well as of Maimonides and Aristotle, needs to be disposed of. Leaving out of his account Spinoza's essential modernity Dr. Wolfson also leaves out of account another very important aspect of his philosophy. The "Ethics" is not the work of a professor, nor has its appeal been to professors only. Interested as Spinoza was in technical philosophy and in its traditional "problems," and important as is this aspect of his thought, his work in this respect is more than a logical exercise because Spinoza was interested in vision as well as in technique; and this interest is written large and luminously not only on the little we know of his life and character but also on everything he wrote.

Unlike Dr. Wolfson's book, Mr. Melamed's is an impres-

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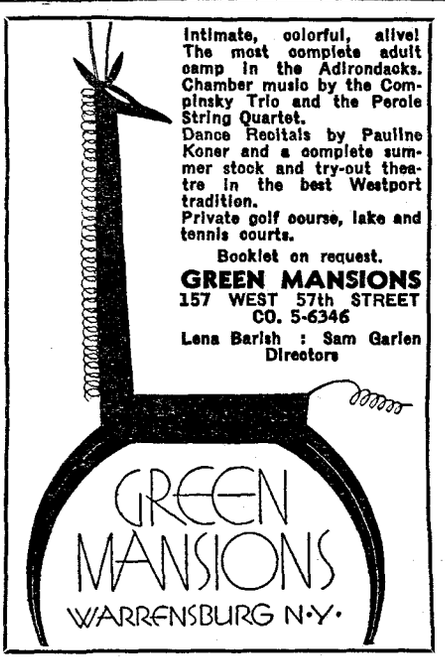

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sionistic, eccentric, and even on the surface quite prejudiced essay. The reader is left extremely baffled by it. A documented criticism of it would be impossible in a short space; to examine its thesis, to disentangle the knotted skein of its thought, would require several columns at least. All one can do is merely to state one's reaction to it. In his preface the author claims to have "demonstrated" that Buddha is the "spiritual ancestor" of Spinoza. The phrase is ambiguous. Nor does it become clear in the text whether it means that Buddha influenced Spinoza either directly or through the mediation of other thinkers, or whether it means that Buddha and Spinoza are both expressions of one of the two spiritual "forces" which, according to Mr. Melamed, have shaped the history of our civilization. The latter seems to be meant in a number of passages while the former seems to be meant in numerous other passages. Of course, the two types of relationship are not necessarily incompatible, but the thesis, as presented by the author, is an extremely confused and confusing affair. One wonders, besides, in what sense Mr. Melamed uses the term "demonstration," since the nearest thing to evidence adduced by him of a connection between Buddha and Spinoza is the dubious assertion of Indian influence on Europe through Asia Minor before Christ. And, the reviewer believes, specialists consider the question an open one, for the evidence on which it is founded is extremely thin. In either case, and even granting the mystic philosophy of history on which the whole argument seems to be based, those similarities between Spinoza and Buddha to which Mr. Melamed points are chiefly of his own making, consisting as they do mainly of a distortion of Spinoza's system.

It was not, however, the novelty of Mr. Melamed's thesis or the heterodoxy of the logic through which he seeks to defend it but the intention of the book that baffled the reviewer most. Mr. Melamed's attitude toward Spinoza is too obviously personal to give the book a scientific ranking. Were Spinoza alive it would be difficult to believe that Mr. Melamed's disagreement with him was only a philosophical one. But this of course cannot be the case. Nor can the book be explained as propaganda. For if propaganda, what cause has it been meant to serve? How, then, is one to interpret it? The reviewer has no positive answer. One thing is quite clear—this essay is the vigorous reaction of a strong personality against the thought of a man who, for two and a half centuries, has either compelled the reverence or elicited the hate of all those who have approached him.

ELISEO VIVAS

Hitler and the Church

Judaism, Christianity, and Germany. By Cardinal Faulhaber. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AFTER a momentary truce the murder of Dr. Klausener, leader of the German Catholic Action, on June 30 has caused the fight between the Catholic church and the Hitler Government to flare up with greater intensity than before. The National Socialist state insists on unconditional surrender, not only in worldly but in spiritual affairs. Besides the question of control of the Catholic youth, the rock on which the Concordat with the Holy See has come to grief, there is the important issue of Dr. Rosenberg's "Myth of the Twentieth Century," the spiritual credo of the Third Reich whose emphasis on racial instead of human and spiritual values has placed it on the Index of the Catholic church. Among those in the forefront of this fight against the political teachings and spiritual conceptions of the German regime, Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich is the undisputed leader. In five sermons delivered at St. Michael's Church in Munich during the Advent season of 1933 this outstanding figure in German Catholicism presented a believing churchman's analysis of the perversions of the Nazi state. Questions thrown into the forefront of discussion by its leaders—the Jewish heritage of Christ, the relation of Christianity to Teutonism, the uncritical deification of Germany's mythical ancestors—find vigorous answer. "Of any civilization properly so-called among the Germans of the pre-Christian era there can be no question, according to Tacitus," says this renowned cleric. "It is a mortifying fact that the pictorial representations of the ancient Germans which we possess do not come from the hands of their compatriots but from Roman sculptors who on Trajan's column in Rome depicted German prisoners of war . . ."

Specifically the book is a defense of the Old Testament and its "religious, moral, and social values," but the aggressive tone in which it is written makes it a call to arms to all men against the oppressive regime. For this prince of the Catholic church chooses his intellectual weapons from the arsenal of history rather than of religion, and deals blow for blow with a courage which even those who do not share his religious convictions must appreciate. The book has been published in Germany and has not been forbidden. But woe unto the bookseller who dares offer it for sale.

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